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CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	361
A POLITICAL DIALOGUE	363
UNDERNEATH THE SWASTIKA. By W. W. Schutz	364
COLONIAL REGIONS? By Freda White	365
A LONDON DIARY. By Critic	366
THIS ENGLAND	366
MANNERS. By Y.Y.	367
RADIO. By Roger Marvell	367
BALLADE OF THE BIRCHING DEAN. By Reginald Reynolds	368
CORRESPONDENCE	368
From Nicholas Davenport; Cecily Mackworth; Scott Bayliss; Robert Powell; J. de la Mare Rowley; Rose Macaulay; E. E. Heywood; E. V. Milner; W. H. Davies	
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By A. L. Rowse	371
REVIEWS:	
New Novels. By Philip Toynbee	371
Reviews—*contd.*	Page
Dante's Paradiso. By C. M. Bowra	372
Economics and Unemployment. By Joan Robinson	372
Resistance in Europe. By Tom Driberg	373
Mr. Dark Among the 'Doxies. By Harry Roberts	373
The Italian Queen. By Noel Annan	374
Shorter Notice	374
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	374

AN INTERIM REPORT

THE attention of the public is suddenly switched to the Far East. That important meetings between the heads of States were taking place has been the sort of British secret that informed people talk about and which the general public guess from hints in the foreign press and enemy radio. Most people had assumed that the first meeting would include Stalin. Now they learn that Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill have been meeting Chiang Kai-shek, and they are left to speculate about another meeting with Stalin. Suggestions that they might all four meet have always been idle; since the U.S.S.R. is not at war with Japan, Stalin cannot be present at strategic discussions on the Pacific war. No one doubts, however, that Stalin was consulted about the political decisions that were announced at Cairo.

The main purpose of the declaration was to assert the equality of China as a member of the United Nations and to provide a full reply to those in the United States who say that when the European war is over Britain will be half-hearted about the war in the Far East. The determination of Britain and America to pursue the war against Japan to a victorious end is asserted with an emphasis that is no doubt meant to silence, even if it does not convince, Col. McCormick. More important, it should reassure the Chinese, who, in their isolation since the Japanese conquest of Burma, have been increasingly disappointed with their British and American allies. The Chinese would have been more than human if they had understood as clearly as we the necessity of first concentrating on the defeat of Hitler. The result of this disappointment has been in every way unhappy. Only the personal strength of Chiang Kai-shek and the almost incredible endurance of the Chinese peasant have prevented the Japanese from gaining psychological as well as military successes in China. The present declaration should go some distance to restore good relations between Chungking and London.

Japan is to be stripped of her conquests. On the mainland Manchuria (lost, the Chinese believe, through folly and weakness of the Western Democracies) is to be restored to China, while Korea is "in due course" to obtain that independence that Chinese policy has actively supported. Secondly, China is to regain Formosa, the Pescadores and other islands grabbed by the Japanese. Thirdly the Pacific islands that Japan took from Germany during the last war, and which she retained as a result of the secret Treaty of London made during the war, are to be taken from her. Since this declaration is a reassurance to China and not a plan for the future of the Pacific, it is not surprising that nothing further is said of these islands. They are of great economic and strategic importance, and potentially a source of friction between the Great Powers. Their future will depend on the nature of the general settlement of the Far East after the war.

This declaration will serve its interim military purpose. All the great questions of the Pacific remain unchanged, at least as far as the public knows. Nothing is said to counteract the dangerous propaganda with which Japan now floods Burma, Malay and the whole of Southern Asia. Nothing is said to suggest that India is to have her say as an independent Power in the future of the Pacific, nor to suggest that Mr. Churchill is ready to modify his imperial views of the future of Burma or Malay. There is no hint of a solution for the vast problems of the relations of the Dutch, the French, the Australians, the British, the Americans and the Chinese nor, more delicate still, of the relations of the Western Peoples to the indigenous populations of the large and rich areas that extend from the southern borders of China to Australia. In a word, this is an interim report with a limited purpose. It is not a Pacific Charter.

Dr. Benes in Moscow

The visit of Dr. Benes to Moscow was timed to coincide with the Pacific talks; Dr. Benes, if we may make a guess, might be in attendance at the meeting of Stalin with Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill. In the meantime, the treaty between the Soviet Union and Czechoslovakia has been agreed. This treaty, we understand, is modelled on the Anglo-Soviet Treaty and, like it, is to stand for a period of twenty years. It differs, however, in being prefaced with an invitation to other Powers to adhere to it. Both the Russians and Czechs are anxious for Poland to become a signatory, and if the Polish Government listens to the wiser of its advisers, it is at least possible that one of the most dangerous disputes in Europe may be on the way to settlement. This treaty is framed explicitly as a barrier to the *Drang nach Osten*. The German words, we understand, are used; the implication is that the Slav world is to act as a permanent barrier to any possible future German aggression. Russia promises not to intervene in Czechoslovakian internal affairs, and offers economic collaboration. In this treaty the world will see, amongst other things, the victory of the Slavs in the historic battle with the Teutons. Russians, with Czechs and Poles, will inevitably have the principal voice in the settlement of eastern Europe. That it will be a hard settlement for the Germans, involving retribution which will fall on innocent as well as guilty, is inevitable. But it is to be hoped that when the President and Premier meet with Stalin they can decide on a common appeal to the Germans, reminding the world of Mr. Churchill's own declaration on his return from proclaiming the Atlantic Charter, that our objects are not punishment; they are to disarm the Germans, but not, as the Premier said, to impoverish them. "Freedom from want" cannot exist anywhere on the Continent unless it is general; and, without that, political settlements are futile.

Third Russian Winter

In a fortnight's time winter should have set in on most of the Eastern Front. Meanwhile developments during the past fortnight show broadly how the stage will be set for the coming winter campaign. South of the Pripet Marshes, the Germans have hurled the bulk of their available armour against the west and southern flank of the Kiev salient. All they have to show for a counter-offensive which has now lasted with scarcely a pause for 18 days is the recapture of the towns of Korosten and Jitomir, representing an advance of well under 10 miles. As a result, the Russians retain both the Kiev salient and that lower down the Dnieper towards Krivoi Rog intact as springboards for a renewed offensive against the enemy's southern group of armies, now seriously weakened in armour

through its unsuccessful counter-attacks. Further north, Russian gains in preparation for a winter offensive have been still more impressive. The right flank of the centre group of German armies has been pressed right back into the Pripet Marshes; its centre, following the Russian capture of Gomel, has been pushed back in a north-westerly direction astride the Beresina towards Bobruisk, while its left flank is menaced with encirclement by the Russian advance from Nevel towards Polotsk. This central sector of Hitler's winter line between Vitebsk and Moghilev is now menaced at both ends; and, if the Russians can make their way through the Pripet Marshes, where their partisan forces are known to be in great strength, a decisive breach in the very heart of the enemy's front may be effected.

Problems of UNRRA

UNRRA is already getting up against some of the real difficulties. It is being realised that the world as a whole, far from having large accumulated stocks only waiting for the means of distribution, is likely to be short of most things by the time the war ends—so that there will be fairly narrow limits to the amount of physical relief that can be given quickly, however good the will may be. There are also the difficult questions, first, whether the richer nations will be ready to go on rationing themselves seriously in face of this world shortage, despite their possession of high purchasing power, and secondly, whether countries which have large stocks of gold or foreign exchange deposited in the United States are to be allowed to use them in buying up foodstuffs and other supplies "off the ration," at the expense of countries which have no similar financial pull. Then there is the question of the agencies to be used in distributing relief, especially in areas which may be in dispute between two States or between rival Governments claiming to represent the same State. There is evident danger that the possession of the means of feeding the people may be a very powerful weapon in the hands of one State or faction as against another. On the other hand, if UNRRA tried to concentrate the control of relief operations in the hands of the three Great Powers which will be the main source of supply, the result would be to provoke patriotic reactions among the nationals of the other countries.

The Communists and De Gaulle

The absence of the Communists from the reorganised National Committee has from the first suggested that there were wider differences between them and General de Gaulle than the single question of the choice of their representative on the Committee. It seems that General de Gaulle, in accordance with the customary methods of Cabinet making in the Third Republic, invited members of the various parties to take portfolios in the Committee as individuals and not as delegates from their organisations. The Communists have so far insisted on nominating their own representatives. Perhaps General de Gaulle believes that by including one or two of the more important leaders, such as Mercier and Grenier, rather than the lesser though able figures put forward by their Party, he would more completely link the Communists with the policy of the National Committee. Though at present they give the Committee their full support and co-operate with all the resistance movements, inside and outside France, Communist policy and organisation always remains obstinately distinct. It is not that they are demanding excessive or unreasonable measures from the Committee; the demands for a more progressive Arab policy, for the final liquidation of the influence of Vichy, and for more democracy in the liberated territories are reasonable and moderate. The difficulties may be caused as much by those on both sides who are manoeuvring for positions in the future as by disagreement about immediate policy.

Congress at its Worst

Congress has delivered against President Roosevelt's administration two blows which may be of far-reaching consequence for the economy of the United States. By whittling down from 10 billion to 2 billion dollars the new taxes which the President recommended, it has deprived the administration of much of its power to reduce the inflationary gap between potential expenditure and the available supplies of consumers' goods. Still more ominous, however, is the refusal of the House of Representatives—a refusal which the Senate is expected to endorse—to sanction the continuance of subsidies to food producers. The subsidies, which operated on much the same lines as those in this country to curb increases in the cost of living, were attacked by the food traders' Lobby as a political weapon which allegedly interfered with freedom of enterprise and competition in the food trades. It seems doubtful, however, whether this opposition would have proved decisive if large numbers of Congressmen had not persuaded themselves that any stick was good enough to beat the administration. Congress has undoubtedly been alarmed by indications that the C.I.O. is preparing a renewed offensive against the "little steel" formula for pegging wages, and by the formulation of an A.F. of L. post-war wages plan which includes a demand for the return of unrestricted collective bargaining on wage rates. Opponents of the administration are now alleging that the President is not sincere in his professed determination to prevent a general rise in the wage level; but, even if these suspicions were well founded, the action which Congress has now taken will make an inflationary spiral inevitable.

Counter-marching in Argentina

The Ramirez Government continues its extraordinary display of intrigue, confusion and repression. There is no reason to believe that the leopard has changed his spots, even if a few of them have begun to lose their colour. The disfavour and criticism which has greeted almost every act of this fascist adventurer have no doubt induced him to change his tactics. It is even likely that he will make a token breach with Germany, strong though his Nazi sympathies are, if he thinks that this will enable him to curry favour with Washington and obtain arms and supplies under Mutual Aid to shore up his corporate state. Meanwhile the Police Department in conjunction with *Clarinada*, the leading anti-communist and anti-semitic magazine, has made special pro-fascist and anti-semitic films which all cinemas are compelled to exhibit. Nazi influence continues to grow; leading figures in the administration and in business are named as open Nazi sympathisers. All the same, a *volte-face* by the Government would not be surprising. A nominal declaration of sympathy and support for the Allies would not only strengthen Argentine reaction *vis-a-vis* its own people, but would make the task of fascist infiltration into other Latin-American States much less difficult.

Second Thoughts

Second thoughts about the King's Speech have done nothing to better the first unfavourable impression which it made. The Labour bodies—the Trade Unions as well as the Labour Party—are pressing strongly for something much more definite, and much less slow, than appears to be foreshadowed. There ought to be, during the next few months, not merely White Papers about Beveridge, the new Health Service, Uthwatt, Scott and Barlow, and the new housing programme, but also positive legislation which will make it possible for the real work of post-war planning to go ahead. Legislation, in these fields, is not the end, but only the beginning. Statements in the House this week by W. S. Morrison and Lyttelton suggest that the snail's pace at which the Government is apparently proposing to advance is likely to leave us, if the war ends any time next year—or even the year after—in a hopeless muddle; and, of course, such a muddle will be a complete victory for the Tory anti-planners, who see in it the best hope of avoiding social change. The Labour Party has rightly demanded quick legislation, in addition to the Bills already promised, on four issues—the public control of land, the provision of employment, the Beveridge Plan, and the adaptation of the economic system to fit post-war needs.

The Miners are Not Pleased

The miners went home profoundly dissatisfied last week-end from their two-day conference in London. They had fully expected that their executive would have something to report to them about the Government's reply to their proposals for reorganising the coal industry in order to get higher output and better conditions for the men. They found, apparently, that the Government had still nothing to propose except that they should take their case for higher wages to arbitration. This, the miners are convinced, is of no use as long as the system of dual control is continued; for they will only be met with the answer that the less productive mines can afford no more than is being paid already, and the possibility of increased expenditure is bound up with the taking by the Government of financial as well as operational control. The miners' leaders, in their comments on the conference, give first place, not to the wages issue, but to the demand that dual control shall cease. They maintain that, as long as it lasts, the Pit Committees and the Regional Councils which are supposed to be directing production under the Ministry of Fuel and Power will continue to be ineffective. But the wage issue is also important. The younger men especially are very badly paid; and the result of their appeal to the Penton Committee did not encourage them to hope that any value could be got without a direct application to the Cabinet. The conference in effect delivered a sort of ultimatum to the Government. It will reassemble in January; and by then it expects something definite to have been settled. If not . . . the Conference did not quite say what would happen.

PARLIAMENT: Annual Omnibus

Wednesday, noon.

The debate on the Address (the "Humble Address" in response to the Gracious Speech from the Throne) may meander on for another week or two yet. It is the one occasion in the Parliamentary year on which Members can spread themselves on all their favourite topics, great or small, philosophic or administrative; and is thus somewhat shapeless. Subjects dealt with so far include post-war reconstruction, Cos and Leros (by Attlee, somewhat unsatisfactorily), the furnished-house racket, the supply of "geneva or gin," to the Gold Coast (disapproved by Mr. Barr, who fortified his opposition to alcohol with four long quotations from Robert Burns), old-age pensions, the Barlow Report, future playing-fields for schools (in a bluff, attractive maiden speech by rosy old Admiral Sir William James, the original "Bubbles"), what the soldiers want (by Colonel Rayner, who said that he spoke for "the common soldiery," including generals), overseas trade, controls, India, and (at the time of writing) Mosley. Sir John Wardlaw-Milne denounced cartels; Captain Poole demanded prefabricated houses, and said that no house should be expected to last more than 25 years; Mr. Muff (the public school-crawler) said, "We cannot afford bell-wether leadership."

Inconclusive though this debate is, nobody can complain that the House lacks either versatility or interest in matters of importance. The most sensational speech to date has been that of Shinwell. Shinwell usually speaks in a satin whisper; on this occasion he was thoroughly audible, and spoke with all the weight and

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deliberation he could muster. It was the kind of speech which the Tories (who cheered it loudly) call "statesmanlike"; Labour Members shook their heads cynically or despairingly; Oliver Lyttelton, replying, called it "a bid for the leadership of the Conservative Party." It was not what one wanted, Shinwell said repeatedly; it was what one could get. "You're telling us!" interjected Lady Astor.

This Noble Lady was in particularly restless and chattering mood; one of her interruptions was even more to the point than this. When Lyttelton said that the Government had not yet made up their mind about the second part of the Uthwatt Report (concerning the acquisition of development sites) and were "not in the least ashamed to say so," she snapped, "They ought to be."

This was not the debate's only intimation of yet another indecision. Attlee was explaining how complicated it was to work things out quickly. Pethick-Lawrence interrupted to say, Yes, of course, but was he to understand that specific legislation dealing with some at any rate of the many social projects vaguely foreshadowed in the King's Speech would be produced within the next twelve months? Attlee said: "What the King's Speech says is that we shall consider what amount of legislation we shall be able to introduce, following discussion. I think it is quite specific."

PONTIFEX MINOR

A POLITICAL DIALOGUE

A. The Morrison row is passing over.

B. Of course, what else could it do? It is an emotional demonstration, and, as such, significant. But no action arises from it. No one seriously thinks we shall put Mosley back into gaol, and we certainly don't want to penalise Herbert Morrison for behaving as a constitutional Home Secretary.

A. You think there is no case against Morrison?

B. A case of method and judgment, perhaps; nothing more. I feel indignant about much that is said against him. To be Home Secretary in time of war is a difficult and unpopular position which I think Morrison has held with integrity and courage. The responsibility was given to him, and I do not see we have any right to complain if he has shown some signs of personally enjoying it. Would it have been better if he had always been whining about it? To suggest, as some people have, that he is tender to Fascists is evil nonsense. If he had wanted to pander to his Right Wing critics he could easily have locked up Communists, but he rightly confines his gaoling activities to shutting up people who, in his judgment, may be dangerous to national safety, and he knew that if we had been invaded in 1940, the Communists would have come out with their hammers and sickles and go down to the beaches with Winston Churchill. In an anti-Fascist war it was Fascists and not Communists who threatened British liberty. As to Mosley, Morrison would have had to let him out at the end of the war anyway, when the particular circumstances which 18B was designed to meet would have passed. He very naturally took the opportunity of a medical report (I am not discussing whether it was a good one; I find my medical friends astonished at it) to get rid of a prisoner whom he would not be able in any case to detain indefinitely. He had to act in this matter judicially.

A. We can agree that the Home Secretary honestly carried out his duties under 18B. But that leaves out of account two other distinct questions. First, did Morrison act with political sense? Secondly, is there not a quite different issue, namely, whether special powers are needed to cope with Fascism after the war, as well as in time of external danger? The Labour members who spoke with justified bitterness about the violence and menace of Fascism in their constituencies were not really attacking Morrison at all. Consciously or not, they were building up a case for a permanent ban on all Fascist activity. Much of the trouble has been the confusion between this unstated thesis and the attack on Morrison, whose powers are limited by the intention of 18B.

B. Quite true. Let us finish with the issue of Morrison's action first.

A. I should say that Morrison showed a surprising lack of a political touch. If he had been less cocksure and *personal* about 18B all through he would have known that the position had to be regularised in some way; at the very least he could surely have published a White Paper with the substantive case against those he detained. And when it came to the question of release he ought to have known—Ernest Bevin must have warned him—what would be the effect in the factories. Mosley could have had all the medical treatment necessary in a prison hospital, or if it were really necessary to move him to better surroundings, why not state that for medical reasons Mosley had been moved to a different place of detention? He could still be in detention under conditions not very different from those of Hess and the German generals in this country.

B. Speaking after the event, I agree that some such method would have been politically wise. But what worries me is the hysterical nature of much of the agitation. Some of it seems to be designed only to hurt Herbert Morrison, which will please the more Right-Wing Tories and drive a nail into the Labour Party's coffin, just when it seemed that the patient seemed likely to revive. I have no patience with the Communists who shouted about civil liberty when one of their own members was detained, and who now speak as if anyone who defends the elementary principle of Habeas Corpus is a pro-Fascist.

A. An aggravating contradiction, of course, but quite intelligible. I heard an apt quotation the other day from a French clerical writer. This Louis Veuillot remarked that he claimed liberty from democrats on the basis of their principles, and denied it to them on the basis of his own.

B. That sums it up. But it is not only Communists who have forgotten that Mosley was not charged before he was gaoled. Many trade unionists who are nominally, at least, democrats, seem to me to have forgotten the issue of liberty.

A. Well, they don't see the issue of liberty like that. They are troubled by the threat of Fascism to liberty after the war. But if trade unionists are not fully awake to the importance of Habeas Corpus, are they really very different from other people? If you analyse the liberties of which we British are proud, we find that they are the aggregate of a number of different liberties fought for by different sections of the population. The Puritans demanded liberty of worship against Catholic totalitarianism in the seventeenth century. They were also mainly the trading middle class, and they consequently fought for freedom from government interference and private monopolies. But later, when they were themselves in power, they would not grant freedom of association, which, remember, for the working man embodies all other liberties. As for the right of free speech, it has mainly been writers and intellectuals who have been prepared to go to prison for the right to speak their minds.

B. Historically that is true enough, but the result of these joint efforts has been a general body of law of the utmost importance to everyone; and our great writers and jurists have all upheld the basic doctrines of freedom. I do not know whether you remember that the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of January 7th, 1939, published an interview with Mr. Churchill. He was asked whether our liberties could survive the test of war preparation. He replied:

> The essential aspects of democracy are the freedom of the individual, within the framework of laws passed by Parliament, to order his life as he pleases, and the uniform enforcement of tribunals independent of the executive. These laws are based on Magna Carta, Habeas Corpus, the Petition of Right and others. Above all, they secure the freedom of the individual from arbitrary arrest for crimes unknown to the law, and provide for trial by jury of his equals. Without this foundation there can be no freedom or civilisation, anyone being at the mercy of officials and liable to be spied upon and betrayed even in his own home. As long as these rights are defended, the foundations of freedom are secure. I see no reason why democracies should not be able to defend themselves without sacrificing these fundamental values.

On the whole, apart from a panic about aliens in 1940, which was stopped by enlightened opinion in this country, Mr. Churchill and Herbert Morrison have broadly maintained those liberties, and we ought to be grateful to them. After all, the *Daily Worker* and the *Week* were allowed to start again (after pressure within the Labour movement and without). My worry is that after four years of war there seems to have been a deterioration in public sentiment. We have to be careful lest in fighting a war we do not fall into the errors of our enemies. It is an old danger which we have on the whole avoided, and I don't like to see signs of backsliding.

A. Your Liberal attitude pays inadequate attention to Mosley not as a person but as a leading Fascist. This journal put it right last week when it said that Morrison "had stumbled on one of those symbolic acts which focus for the ordinary man tendencies which disturb him, but about which he has hitherto seemed powerless to act." He knows well enough that free speech and the legal right to fair trial and so on are important, and that Fascism threatens to destroy the lot. He may be thinking mainly of trade union rights, which are far more important to him than the others that seem so important to you, but he has in mind always that constitutional rules are no ultimate political safeguard. He is told, and broadly speaking with truth, that Social Democracy was killed in Germany just because Hitler was let out of prison on the same libertarian principles. He fears that he may have his throat cut while other people argue about the right to carry knives. In a word, he puts Fascism in a category by itself.

B. He has a good precedent for that. Milton in his classical plea for freedom denied it to Catholics on the ground that when they were in power they denied it to others.

A. Just so. Milton took that view because he lived in a period when Catholicism was as dangerous to him and his like, and to the new social order of which he was a champion, as Fascism is to-day to the progressive order our working classes are determined to maintain. You move here from the theory to the art of politics. The principle is clear. The question is whether you jeopardise the principle in this particular case by observing it.

B. We have not, thank God, reached any such point in this country. Blackshirt thuggery does not menace our society as a pro-French Catholic monarchy menaced the friends of Milton in the seventeenth century or to the point to which the Weimar Republic was threatened by Hitler. I agree that if we ever do get to that point, liberty has not much chance. You cannot long maintain the rule of law if fighting is going on in the streets.

A. Well, whether we do or not depends on the capacity of our rulers after the war to provide a social order in which men do not wish to fight in the streets. Fascism will only be a danger if there is unemployment, disillusion and social breakdown. I agree with you that Morrison's only fault in this matter has been one of tactics and political judgment. But I also welcome the proof that the workers are really alive to their danger and are prepared to organise and act when the occasion warrants. There may be better issues than that of Mosley's release. You could summarise the moral of all this by saying that the future of England depends on the capacity of British Socialist leaders to canalise all this energy and enthusiasm into a movement that will compel the social improvements that must come somehow or other in Britain.

UNDERNEATH THE SWASTIKA

[This article, by the author of German Home Front, *illustrates from books recently published in Germany, significant anti-Nazi trends that exist and grow in spite of the Gestapo.]*

> Such are the cellars over which the castles of dictatorships are erected and over which they celebrate their festivals. There the rabble condemned for all times delights in raping the dignity and freedom of mankind. The muses become silent and truth begins to falter like a candle in the storm. The weak ones begin to retreat even before the first clouds rise. Even old warriors begin to hesitate when they see the rabble rise from the swamps to the bastions of liberty.

THIS description is contained in one of the outstanding works of Resistance in Germany. No country is named, no dates are given in this desperate call for freedom which was published in 1939. The names are fantastic, the entire story of this book is expressionism, the events and people are in the realm of fairies and fantasies. But hundreds of thousands understood the deeper meaning of the book.

There is a distinct educational purpose in some of these chapters. The first and foremost task for Resistance everywhere is to master the natural fear of the terror which the totalitarian State wields. And so we read: "Only the bravest amongst us fight their way through the terror. They know that all the experiences (in that country of terror) are mere imaginations. Fear is only in our heart, and we become victorious by conquering fear in our own heart."

The writer is very clear about the lack of material power of Resistance. In 1939 there was only one weapon left, a "miraculous weapon" he calls it. It is the word—the word of truth, of freedom. "We recognised in the word the miraculous weapon whose ray fells the might of the tyrants." The importance of this publication for those who resist inside Germany can hardly be overestimated. The book has remained one of the chief sources of free thought right through the war. Its decisive formula reads: "Triune are the word, freedom, and the spirit." This triunity has remained a characteristic of the Resistance in Germany, its strength and its limitation.

This does not mean that Resistance publications in Germany have remained exclusively in this spiritual sphere. On the contrary, there are numerous publications where the régime of terror and oppression has been unmasked. These publications are naturally not at all topical in the sense in which a democratic opposition can be topical. They are novels or poems of a sometimes highly fantastic nature. The background is often historical or entirely imaginary, the persons whose portraits we find in some of these books have strange names. Often, however, we find accounts of historic events which bear a striking resemblance to present-day affairs.

In one of these publications we find a "hunter" whose "masterly" method was to "administer fear in small, gradually increasing doses." The "end is paralysis." This man had developed, so the author tells us, the cunning method of appearing as the protagonist of law and order. While some of his agents were spreading anarchy and terror everywhere, murdering and pillaging, blackmailing and burning, other organisations under his command took over the administration and control of the country under the pretext of strengthening law and order against the threat of anarchy. "In this way he resembled a bad doctor who fosters the disease in order to be able to amputate afterwards."

Against this growing danger many were glancing towards the professional army, and the generals "were overnight looked upon with great expectations." But, the author remarks dryly, they had little interest in curbing a development which was so favourable for them. So "they began to play the difficult men," and they "kept the army back like a good investment which yields interest." They retired into their barracks, "lived like mice on the fat of the land," did very well for themselves, were "full of that jovial slyness of the Nordics which one so easily underestimates," and listened "to the accusers with grief well acted." "Over a glass of beer they used to get heated about law and order, but one never saw them do anything about it. On the contrary, they made their dealings" with the régime.

In 1940 the outlook for Resistance in Germany was as black as for the whole of Europe. All the same, the judgment about the régime did not change. On the contrary, in 1941 a powerful work appeared which showed that empires built on terror are bound to vanish even if there did not appear to be any coalition strong enough to defeat the victorious tyrant. This is what this author has to say:

> Let us look at the surprising and forceful appearance of the Huns on the European stage. Myth has tried to make the person of Attila more generous and to represent that wild conqueror as a princely man and hero of devilish grandeur—which he was not. Needless to say that he was not without genius, but it was the genius of the pure terrorist who has known no other order than murder. Since he was radically uneducated he was frightfully superstitious, but that prevented him at the same time from seeing anything else in difficulties than something which he had to overcome. His power rested on limitless despotism, on boundless confidence in his soldiers, on his limitless treachery (*Vertragsbrüchigkeit*), and finally on the lack of unity and strength of his enemies. . .

He died "of nose-bleeding. . . . The gigantic Empire collapsed like dust."

This literature never confined itself to the personal issues. In one of these publications, shortly after the fall of Denmark and Norway, of the Low Countries and France, the sentence stands out: "Our sentiments are with the defeated."

Regarding their own—then victorious—state the same men conclude:

> It was decisive for the fall (of the Roman Empire) that neither in the country, nor in Rome, nor anywhere in the Empire was there any supreme law and institution in which the people could put their trust and whose word had permanent value. And all this in spite of a flood of decrees, orders and pronouncements which a machinery working day and night was pouring out.
>
> Despotism and lawlessness lead everywhere to the rapid decline of the people. A continuously despotic régime robs not only the people, but itself of all vigour. For lacking all natural opposition, it soon sinks to the low level of racialism. For instance, when the Roman Emperors had tasted the pleasure of being treated like gods, they could not tolerate opposition any longer. Even talented emperors soon lost all sense of proportion, and probably did not even know what they did. The worst service one could render such tyrants was a mad enthusiasm about everything they did. Only a really great personality could have withstood it, and he would have never tolerated such an intolerable situation.

It is only natural that Nazis and the like should have thought that the victories of Hitler during the years of Nazi expansion should have satisfied even the liberal forces in Germany. As it happened, these victories meant only much severer slavery and more distant prospects of liberation. "A corruption surpassing imagination destroyed all sense of security in the people."

This is yet another story which one of these authors tells. He calls it "one of the most beautiful stories from the life of Kung-Fu-Tse, which is contained in Li-Gi, the Book of Morals." "Master Kung passed the mountain Tai-Schan. There was a woman crying on a grave. The master stopped and asked Dsi Lu to go and question the woman. He went and asked: 'Are you not crying as if you had double grief?' She replied: 'So it is. First my father-in-law was killed by a tiger. Then my husband was killed. Now also my son is killed.' The master asked: 'Why do you not leave this place?' She replied: 'Because we have a mild government.' The master said: 'Children, remember this: a hard government is more cruel than the tiger.'"

It is obvious that this militant free thought h attracted the best amongst the Germans, and h driven the Nazis to ever-increased terror. Th extreme isolation of Resistance in Germany h been the chief reason why this growing an tagonism has remained a strangely silent wa True, the executions of some students and a pro fessor at Munich in the spring of 1943 made th free world listen for a second. But the deat sentences were followed by a large-scale purg and a propaganda drive at all German universitie which was again hardly observed in the fre world. In May 1943 the Rector of the Universit of Koenigsberg, Grünberg, warned a rally of th students of this East Prussian university: "Un satisfactory students who do not meet the demand of the university mentally and in their attitud (*Haltung*) will be put to more useful work in th labour service." In Munich the organ of th Nazi Student Leader, *Die Bewegung*, declare several months after the first death sentence were carried out:

> Anyone who at the present time calls the Germa people to passive resistance, irresponsible elemen who want to make German workers commit sabota in factories and produce unserviceable weapons, w be exterminated in the name of the German peopl

The hectic note in numerous threats of th Nazis against the intelligentsia and against you is easily understandable if one remembers that f Hitler it has always been a dogma that only wi the help of a generation which had known nothi but Nazism would it be possible to construct th Third Reich. The development inside Germa has passed over this original archaic aim of Hit and the régime. With the help of an unceasi stream of free thought Resistance has taken ro amongst the younger generations.

Obviously the number of people involved cann be very large, that is to say of people who are eag to read fairy stories, historic accounts of Rom Emperors, of Attila the Hun, of philosophers freedom and theoreticians of terror. Obvious the section of younger peoples who are able recognise the principles involved is limite Obviously the number of men and women, bo and girls who go even beyond the sphere of th intellect and build cells of resistance has to be ke down. And all this in spite of a flood of decrees, orders and pronouncements which a machinery working day and night was pouring out. State—the régime of youth, as they so proud called themselves—forced into openly oppressi measures against youth. On July 1st Himml issued a decree "Protection of Youth." In th "Protection of Youth" decree the supervision German youth was entrusted to the S.S. a Gestapo. Youth from now on is forbidden leave home after dark, to assemble under a pretext—be it for making music in private hom for having dancing lessons (unless a member the *Kulturkammer* is present), or whatever oth pretexts there may be. Only if parents or Hitl Youth leaders accompany them is it permitted leave the house after dark. Under no circu stances may they meet or leave home under th guidance of a pastor or a priest. Puniti measures ranging from "preventive arrest" a "protective custody" to long terms of impriso ment are threatened. The situation is summed in the order to the Gestapo: "Special importan must be attached to the supervision of associatio of juveniles under 18 in groups, etc.", whate the etc. may mean. The decree continue "For past experience has shown that this le frequently to crime and neglect. In this conn tion attention is drawn to the unrestrained campi and hiking of juveniles outside the Hitler Youth If this decree means anything, it points to t breakdown of the Hitler Youth moveme and the increasing force of anti-Hitler You groups.

In conclusion, the question seems permissi whether the "free" literature written, publish and read under the shadow of the swastika wou have been possible without the impetus a response of the younger generation. Simila whether that profound change in German you would have been conceivable without t gallant leadership of free thinkers and teach Both movements depend on each other, influe

each other, and, in the last resort, make each other possible. For both depend on the recognition of vast masses of the people, not only of the fact that there is an opposition, but that opposition is something necessary and vital. In one of the philosophic works of Resistance, published in 1942, we find this view expressed in the words: "We do not talk alone. We cannot shout down or intimidate opposition. The problems have become too great for that, the responsibility is too heavy. The myths of history, the fairy tales of the national genius have lost their charm. We must have the courage of opposition, of shouldering the responsibility for our opposition."

W. W. SCHÜTZ

COLONIAL REGIONS ?

THE small army of colonial planners now march under one or other of two banners. The first is Welfare; the standard-bearer is Lord Hailey. He is at the head of quite a strong body, with a plan of campaign starting from the Colonial Development Act and the support of a clutch of committees—on Colonial Products, on Social Welfare, on Colonial Research, on Forestry, on Fishery, on Education. Plans pour in; among them is the renowned Stockdale Report. Most must stay on paper in wartime; it is hard enough to keep the medical services going without setting up hospitals with no doctors. There is labour legislation in the colonies; labour departments are at work, even some trade union officials have gone to help native unions to organise. The Hailey group tends to think that it is necessary greatly to lift the standard of living of the colonial peoples before much progress in self-government can be attempted. The doctrine takes shape in a positive policy, which is christened "Partnership."

The dry voice of Lord Lugard has been heard remarking in the *Times* that you do not turn people into partners by calling them so. And indeed, the absence of any alteration in their subject status is not likely to escape the notice of the colonials.

For actual conditions in the colonies make a gloomy contrast to all the welfare planning. There is the direct result of war, which has involved the subject races of our own and other empires in bloodshed for which they are in no way accountable. As an air-raid target, Malta holds the world's record; the consequent suffering of the Maltese people has not yet been revealed. The Italian and French North African empires have been fought over and over. Every Solomon Island is bombed silly before the Americans land on it—and the people's food has long before been taken by the Japanese. The war has enabled the settlers of Kenya to fulfil their old ambition of imposing forced labour for private enterprise; and the Government attributes at least part of the food shortage in Kenya to the excessive recruiting of labour. The same tale of distress and hunger comes from almost all the colonial regions. Those in enemy hands probably fare worst; the Japanese are said to be much better at propaganda in Burma and Malaya than in China, but they do not feed the people. "Co-Prosperity to-morrow; Co-Endurance to-day," as a Phillipine quisling broadcaster told the islanders dolefully. We certainly treat our empires as partners in war; and it will take a deal of welfare to atone for that partnership.

The other banner is emblazoned "Regionalism." This is political planning, at so high a level that it is inter-imperial. Of course, it had long been patent to everyone that the empires had burst their economic bounds. The regions of agricultural and mineral production, of transport, of disease, have little correlation with the frontiers of empires. Above all, the great commercial interests which determine the whole way of life of the colonial peoples are internationally organised, and out of the control of any single Empire. The sole exception, properly arranged to pay the producers a living wage and expand its market, is the tea cartel. The colonial offices have begun to think regionally. The modification of outlook follows, as usual, a good deal of unofficial discussion by private persons.

The new line was first clearly expressed in December, 1942, at the Canadian conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations. The American delegates were disposed to stage an attack upon the British Empire; they were forestalled by a plan for inter-imperial co-operation in the Pacific region put forward by Lord Hailey. As this emerged from the discussions, it proposes to have an Advisory Council of the Powers interested in the Pacific region to consult on colonial policy. Russia, China and the United States are to be members. If the United States will accept responsibility for security and economic development, the Council could be more than merely advisory; it could frame common action. The subject peoples, rather vaguely, are to be represented when their interests are in question.

On December 28, 1942, General Smuts published an article in the American magazine *Life*. Perhaps he may have felt that he could call in the New World to redress the balance of the Old. Certainly the views of the Southerners, who are most concerned with colour problems, approximate more nearly to those of South Africa than either does to the British tradition. General Smuts advocates the grouping of isolated colonies into larger units. "Thus all British colonies in the West Indies or Far East, or on the African continent, could be grouped, with larger powers assigned to the group, and a corresponding decrease of power exercised in London." This would be a welcome trend toward "colonial freedom and responsibility." The general development policy should be entrusted to a Council, on which Britain, as the parent state, the unit itself, and any neighbouring British Commonwealth, should sit for the benefit of their less well developed neighbours. Further, for purposes of "general or common policy," regional groups of colonies of all the empires should come under the control of commissions "on which will be represented not only mother countries, but also others regionally interested for security or economic reasons." The United States is an essential member.

This article found an echo in Colonel Stanley's speech of March 17, 1943. While the administration of the British colonies must be the sole responsibility of Great Britain, the Government would welcome the establishment of machinery to enable common problems of security, transport, economics, health, to be solved by common effort. They think of Commissions for certain regions. "Those Commissions would comprise not only the States with colonial territories in the region, but also other States, which have in the region a major strategic or economic interest." The people of the territories are to be associated with the Commissions.

No one supposes that General Smuts is in this country for idle love of air-travel. Presumably he is working on this colonial plan. It is important for the British people to think this thing through. After all, Smuts is not responsible for the fate of our fellow-subjects in the colonial countries; and we are. Every British voter carries with him the vote of a colonial, too; a thing we seldom remember.

Now for a realistic analysis of these political phrases. First, we shall not enlist the co-operation of the Continental empires if there is nominal infringement of their sovereignty. That word is a fetish with them—and for that matter with many of us. Regional co-operation, however, would be welcome to most administrators on two main conditions. It must be practical. Regular consultation would be helpful between the experts of neighbouring colonies on transport (including roads, railways, air-lines and shipping), on public health, including the prevention of human and animal disease, on medical and scientific research, agriculture, nutrition, the introduction of new foods and industries, conditions and migration of labour, and production for export.

Secondly, the planning should be in the interests of the indigenous peoples. Doubts arise as to the purpose of some of the proposals. According to a statement of Sir Edward Grigg in the House of Commons, General Smuts is favourable to a policy of White colonisation of the uplands of East Africa. Sir Edward himself commends it (not quite openly) in his book *The British Commonwealth* as a solution for the over-demand for labour in Africa, and says it must be undertaken wholeheartedly. Nobody knows better than Sir Edward Grigg, let alone General Smuts, that the result of White colonisation is a social, economic and political colour bar which far outweighs any benefit brought in by the wealth of the settlers. It is invariably reinforced by the demand of the settlers for "self-government," by which they mean their own power to keep the African majority in permanent subjection. The Smuts article implies this in its reference to a "colonial freedom and responsibility." There is not a hint that by freedom he means freedom for the natives, which indeed would be a wild thing for a South African Premier to suggest. Taken in conjunction with the invitation to the United States (which means an added weight on the anti-native side of policy), this proposal of General Smuts may have the most deadly effect on the future of the African peoples. It may mean handing over the coloured citizens of the Commonwealth to the rule of Whites, who accept an Africaans-Nazi theory of race superiority. The progressive members of the officialdom of the other European empires would view such a prospect with dismay.

The one right way to solve the native labour problem is to control exploitation, especially of minerals. We need a world scheme of needs, so that too heavy a drain on any population is not imposed. Saving the babies who die for lack of decent food and conditions would do far more to populate Africa than any conceivable settlement of Europeans in climates for which they are physiologically unsuited.

We must state this bluntly. There is a real danger that we shall find ourselves confronted with a colonial *fait accompli*. In Southern Rhodesia, for example, Sir Godfrey Huggins has legalised the exclusion of the Africans from their own lands and authorised an industrial colour bar; he never ceases to work for the federation of Southern Rhodesia with Northern Rhodesia and Nyassaland. The views of the Africans are clear and well known. Every African witness before the Bledisloe Commission opposed federation because of the colour bar. In the same way all the African witnesses before the Parliamentary commission on closer union between Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika rejected the idea. They knew why; as one said, they would all be subjected to the land confiscation, the crop discrimination and the pass-laws of Kenya. The future of all Africans north of the Zambesi surely outweighs the ambitions for his countrymen of even so imposing a figure as Smuts.

Finally, confusion seems to reign in the minds of the regional planners on the function of the proposed commissions. These bodies are to be executive; they are to be made up of representatives of the governments and are to concert policy. Yet they are described as supervisory. This is nonsense. Executive officials, representing their governments, cannot possibly act as supervisors. International supervision demands a mandatory constitution; supervision must be done judicially by experts, none of whom can be the servant of any government. The reasonable solution would be to have functional committees for colonial regions, and a world Colonial Commission for supervision and advice composed of independent experts. It should be their job to see to it that accepted principles of native welfare and progressive self-government are observed. To affirm a charter of these principles in consultation with other empires and to invite them to join voluntarily in a system of inter-imperial co-operation would be a useful part of the peace settlement.

FREDA WHITE

A POSTAL SUBSCRIPTION to any address in the world, cost: Yearly, 32s. 6d. Six months, 16s. 3d. Three months, 8s. 6d. *POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 1d.; Canada, 1d.*

A LONDON DIARY

WHY was a circular addressed to civil servants by Sir Richard Hopkins instructing them not to supply information to Sir William Beveridge? Everyone agrees that full employment is the crux of post-war issues and that Sir William Beveridge is one of the chief experts on this subject. It is to everyone's interest that a national debate should be carried out on the basis of the best information. Official prejudice against Sir William? Probably, but that is not all. There is a general reluctance of departments to part with information. Sometimes they will not part with it even to each other when they are supposed to be working together. On some occasions I should ascribe this secrecy to mere departmental jealousy. Sometimes, I think, it is because departments get tied up with particular interests. Certainly there has been an increasing reluctance in Whitehall to work with any voluntary bodies, and not only with Sir William. A circular went round about a year ago, warning civil servants about co-operating with voluntary organisations. Much damage has thereby been done to important research in the Universities, which have always been accustomed to receive a certain amount of confidential information from Whitehall. The whole matter needs investigation. I attribute the tightening up partly to the conservatism of departmental chiefs. The Treasury has consistently appointed the most reactionary civil servants to the most important positions. Sir Horace Wilson, you will ask? Yes, but not only Sir Horace.

* * *

"We ought at least to know what we are doing," writes a correspondent. He encloses the full and horrific text of a Swiss paper's account of the results of our bombing in Hamburg. Expert opinion tells me that the scientific reconstruction of this article is fanciful. But recent descriptions of the results of the new types of bomb on Berlin confirm the general picture of an inferno of flames, so intense, that whole areas have been completely burnt up, leaving behind them thousands of charred bodies of people incinerated in their shelters. "We ought to know what we are doing." No one any longer takes seriously the talk of purely industrial damage; the distinction has been obliterated because industry includes the houses in which the workers live, the trams and buses and trains that take them to work, and, in effect, everything that makes a town and its suburbs a working and productive unit. I seldom hear anyone echo official satisfaction in the destruction. Our villagers, as the bombers pass on their way, shake their heads and hope it means the war will soon be over. If they do not take the view of the pacifist group that writes asking me to start a campaign against indiscriminate bombing, it is because they do not see any other way out of the ghastly business.

* * *

There are several further things that should be added. War is in itself a horror and no distinction between different types of mass slaughter can be effectively made. One type shocks our imagination; we have grown accustomed to other types. A "second front" means the inevitable destruction by air and artillery of coastal towns, which contain friendly civilians. If general massacre and ruin are unavoidable, it is better for them to happen in Germany, which has not for a very long time had war fought on her soil, rather than on Flanders, which has been devastated by invading German armies twice within a generation. Finally—and this needs much fuller explanation than is possible in this column—heavy bombing has, for fairly obvious reasons, been Britain's deliberately chosen form of offensive in this war. In 1940 Mr. Churchill and his advisers saw no other way of attacking Germany. To repeat the horrors of trench warfare on the German frontier was made impossible by the collapse of France. For three years almost everything has been sacrificed to long-range bombing. It became policy not to build dive-bombers or to make the air weapon part of the Army, as the Germans had done, and sailors have constantly complained of the difficulty in diverting enough bombers to cope with submarine warfare. This will be one of the big stories of the war when the time comes to tell it, which is not yet. It is one of the most important factors behind the scenes in the long-drawn controversy about the timing of the second front.

* * *

A Labour candidate who spent last week-end in a Northern industrial town tells me that he found two matters uppermost in the minds of members of the local Labour Party, life-long adherents of Labour, representative samples of that solid core of support upon which the Party can always rely. Of the agitation provoked by the release of Mosley they were sceptical and suspicious; sceptical about the genuineness of the fuss, suspicious of its origin. It was pumped up, some said, by the Communists, who had always "had a down" on Morrison because he was the chief spokesman of those who opposed affiliation. Others affirmed that it was a purely Trade Union stunt, its motive, once again, to embarrass Morrison, whom the Trade Unions notoriously disliked, scenting in him a rival to their darling, Bevin. Most, however, insisted that it was another governing class red herring belonging manifestly to the same species as the Zinovieff letter or the Savings Bank scare, designed to draw off the mounting waters of working-class dissatisfaction along irrelevant channels! On the second issue my friend was surprised by the growing volume of opinion in favour of Labour's leaving the Coalition. Either, he was told, Churchill will go to the country as the head of a National Government, in which case the Party will be split—he will take Bevin with him and one or two of the others, but not the rank and file—split and dished as it was in 1931; or he will disrupt the Coalition and precipitate the election as head of the Conservative Party at the moment which he deems suitable on issues that he has chosen, with a programme of legislation that steals most of Labour's thunder, with the result that the Party will be routed. The only way to prevent this is to put forward a programme of specifically Labour plans to be offered to the electors as an alternative to the Government's plans. But, in order to be in a position to prepare these plans and to educate the minds of the electors in their support, they held that Labour must leave the Government and leave it now.

* * *

Once upon a time all the money was on one side in an election and all the enthusiasm on the other. The law now limits expenditure and experience has somewhat diluted enthusiasm. Still the disparity remains. Take the returning officer's published statement of the money spent at the Peterborough by-election. (No account rendered of the enthusiasm expended.) I see that the election expenses of Mr. Samuel Bennett, the Socialist candidate amounted in all to the sum of £185 1s. 4d. The corresponding figure spent in returning Viscount Suirdale as Conservative M.P. for Peterborough was £918 6s. 4d.

* * *

The Minister drew an important but fine distinction in replying in the House of Commons to a question about the use of the police as *agents provocateurs*. He agreed that for the police to act in such a way as to provoke an offence was wrong, but argued that they were in fact only used to obtain evidence of offences which are known to be committed. I hope the distinction is always clear in Scotland Yard. It seems to me particularly unfair to a police-constable to use him to obtain evidence by soliciting suspected homosexuals.

* * *

I deduce from the following quotation from *Der Mittag* (October 20th, 1943) that propagandists in Germany are hard put to it:

The day of victory cannot be discovered from tea leaves or stars, through horoscopes, slide rules or acrobatics with figures, and yet there are people who have tried it lately. The main thing for them is that the result points to peace in the near or distant future. Another kind of "clairvoyant" deals with nature. Some municipal zoo has a female elephant which gave birth to a baby in 1871 and again in 1918, and it is therefore called "the peace elephant." It is quite natural that this elephant will soon be a mother again.

CRITIC

SOMETHING IN THE AIR

"It is rumoured in Switzerland that Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt have left to meet Marshal Stalin . . . also that Marshal Chiang Kai-shek will take part in the meeting."—Berne correspondent to *Svenska Dagbladet*, November 29th.

The bombers drumming in the cloud,
The pounding of artillery,
With double thunders rend the skies,
The cities crash, the flames arise—
But everyone remarks how loud
The silence seems to be.

The hive of war production hums,
Inaudible to straining ears,
The silence is so deafening
It drowns and swallows everything,
The silence that from nowhere comes
And which the whole world hears.

The voices that once shocked and stirred
Sound muffled, far away and flat,
The Führer's armour-piercing scream
Is faint and far in the extreme,
The stillness can be clearly heard,
And nothing else but that.

In Whitehall and in Washington
The noises made by Hull,
And mingled murmurs from the lips
Of Attlee, Morrison and Cripps
Do but, by some phenomenon,
Accentuate the lull.

This soundless pause hangs over all,
None knows from whence it sprang,
In neutral lands where rumours gush
They call it a tripartite hush,
Which will be quadrilateral
When it is joined by Chiang.

All sounds into that silence sink,
It stretches everywhere,
And from a stillness so intense,
Though with no scrap of evidence,
The people have begun to think
There's something in the air.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to V. J. Long.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Sir,—Your reporting arouses my constant admiration, but I fear that I must have spoken indistinctly at the India Famine meeting yesterday. I am made to attribute to John Morley a statement that we had brought up the Indians "on a diet of venom": actually I said "on Mill and Bentham."—Letter to Editor, *The Birmingham Post*.

*

The magistrates of the Ainsty Division of the West Riding, at their meeting at York Castle on Saturday, unanimously elected Mr. W. H. Shaw, a former Lord Mayor of York and at one time Sheriff, who is 85 years of age, as their chairman to succeed Mr. Henry Hopkins, who has retired on account of advancing years.—*Yorkshire Post*.

Tenby Choir.—The Tenby Ladies' Choir is undergoing a change of constitution by the addition of male singers.—*Tenby and County News*.

MANNERS

I WAS waiting to pay my bill in a restaurant the other day, beside the long counter at which the chef carves the joint (if any), when a woman came in from the kitchen with a great panful of boiled and peeled potatoes which she began to empty into another pan under the counter where a gas-jet kept vegetables warm for the customers. As the potatoes did not flow into the pan like quicksilver, she hurried them on their way with her naked and not very attractive-looking hand. This was a restaurant for which I had felt the affection of an old acquaintance, but when I saw the potatoes being treated in this fashion, I knew that I never could go there again till the manager had taught his staff gentility. As I was waiting for my change, the chef was carving a portion of roast lamb, and, instead of using his knife and fork to transfer a slice to the plate, he took the slice between his knife and his thumb. After that, I felt it was time to say good-bye and make for some other rendezvous with midday food.

Even before this I had noticed that one or two of the customers, when the bread-basket was brought to them, pinched roll after roll before deciding which to choose, as self-centred women used to pinch pears at the greengrocer's, damaging them in the process. This barbarous spectacle enabled me at least to obey more easily the injunction of the Ministry of Food to eat less bread. I find it almost impossible to eat anything that I have seen some one else handling. If I had been a friend of that famous murderer, Major Armstrong, who used to invite his prospective victim to tea and hand him a specially prepared poisoned sandwich with the apology, "Excuse fingers," I should never have been poisoned by him. I should have explained that I never ate anything at tea and have left him meditating on the fact that, even in the administration of prussic acid—or whatever the poison was—some concession must be made to manners.

In this matter I may seem to be squeamish. Obviously there is much handling of food constantly going on out of sight in the kitchen. Who knows what unwashed fingers have helped in the preparation of the crab salad? Even the pats of butter in the butter-dish may have been placed there by human hands. I do not mind this very much, however. What the eye does not see is easily ignored by the imagination. A second cousin of mine once, passing a kitchen door, saw the cook mashing turnips with her greasy hands. He could not eat them at the dinner-table, and felt nauseated as he watched the others eating them. But they, not having witnessed the preparation of the dish, dined on the turnips with relish.

Instruction in the delicacies of manners, it seems to me, should be made a part of primary education. How much less important it is that a cook or chef should be taught Latin or Algebra or how to scan verse than that he should learn to be good-mannered at his daily work! How much better that a diner in a restaurant should know how to take a piece of bread from a bread-basket without handling the other rolls than that he should be able to construe a difficult passage in Persius or explain the theory of relativity!

There has for many generations been a debate going as to whether manners are getting better or worse. On the whole, I am inclined to think that they are getting better. I am amazed at the way in which bus-conductresses in overcrowded buses keep their tempers as they move among the ever-changing passengers, saying "Thank you" for every three-halfpence. One reads occasionally about a "scene" on a bus, but I have not been an eye-witness of a scene on a bus since the war started. All is good nature, so far as my experience goes, with conductresses and passengers alike. I have seen only one passenger losing his temper lately, and he merely used strong language without offence to anybody present. He was annoyed because, on Lord Mayor's Day, when the Lord Mayor paid his official visit to the Law Courts, his bus was diverted from the Strand into Holborn. "Don't these people know there's a war on," he asked me bitterly, "and that people have to get to their work? I'd send the lot of them into the front line." It was a vindictive thing to say, but I too felt a little vindictive towards the Lord Mayor as I set out on a long walk to my office.

I have heard a number of people complaining that bad manners are becoming commoner in London shops, but, as I never go into a London shop except for tobacco, I do not know whether the complaints are justified. I fancy that in peace-time shopkeepers could tell one even more numerous stories about the bad manners of customers. One shopkeeper, a chemist, it is good to remember, was courageous enough in those halcyon days to refuse to serve a customer on the ground that he was lacking in politeness. The customer, an insured person, went into the shop and, handing a prescription to the chemist, said: "I want that made up." The chemist asked him if he would say "Please," and the man replied "No!" "The chemist," we are told, "then asked if he had a bottle. The customer took exception to the chemist's tone of voice, and asked him if 'Please' wouldn't hurt him? The chemist then refused to make up the prescription, and the customer had to go to another chemist three miles away." The matter was ultimately brought before the Pharmaceutical Sub-Committee of the Middlesex Insurance Committee, who, with the English genius for compromise, decided that the chemist was not justified in refusing to dispense the prescription, but viewed with disapproval the attitude of the insured person towards the chemist. How much wiser this concession to the need of courtesy was than the justification of rudeness uttered by a Tory M.P. about the same time at a northern cattle show lunch! "Yorkshire people," declared the M.P., "are the rudest people on earth, and I hope we shall long remain so." I can only say that fortunately for me, most of the Yorkshiremen I have met have failed to live up to the M.P.'s ideal.

Impoliteness is a form of miserliness, and one of the least pleasant forms of that unpleasant vice. I can sympathise with a man who thinks twice before spending sixpence, but surely to grudge the expenditure of effort in saying "Please" or "Thank you" is Scroogism at its pettiest. All acts of politeness spring from that love of extravagance that makes civilisation tolerable. What could be more wasteful and superfluous than to raise one's hat to a woman or to help a parting guest to struggle into his coat? The number of man-hours lost per annum in these and similar courtesies must be enormous. Some years ago an American business firm worked out the approximate sum lost every year as a result of the national habit of removing the hat in a lift when women are among the passengers. "Experiments," we were told at the time, "carried out by Mr. R. H. Bell, junior, manager of the Straus building, prove that for every four hats removed and held over the chest one passenger fewer can ride in the lift. This practice, it is estimated, costs the principal Loop office buildings £5,000 yearly in additional power needed to operate the lifts, and in wear on equipment by extra trips to pick up passengers crowded out by the hats."

Obviously, if wastefulness is one of the seven deadly sins, this American form of courtesy stands condemned. But the greater part of mankind has rightly decided that wastefulness in the right place is one of the cardinal virtues. Who that has ever sat through a dinner-party given by an unwasteful host has failed to realise this? "Waste not, want not," says the proverb; but too often the man who does not waste merely makes other people want.

And even those economists who object to the wastefulness of good manners would do well to remember that politeness is not always left to be its own reward—the most disheartening, I agree, of all rewards. Some years ago a rich American was so agreeably impressed by the courtesy of a small boy that he established a trust fund of £10,000 to be given in prizes to the schoolboys at Mashpee, Massachusetts, who were distinguished by "good, kind manners." "The fund," says the historian, "was established by Mr. Samuel G. Davis, a wealthy local resident. While Mr. Davis was driving in a carriage thirty years ago his hat blew off. A schoolboy picked it up, returned it, and refused a tip. The incident led to the establishment of the fund." This would have been a still prettier story if the boy who picked up the hat had himself been given the £10,000; and apparently this might as well have been done, as it was found after experiment that none of the rest of the boys at the school could qualify for prizes. How pleasant a world it would be if every time one gave one's seat to a woman in a bus she turned out to be a millionairess, asked for one's name and address, and sent an enormous cheque by the next morning's post! Even Mill's economic man would then begin to appreciate the value of politeness in the best sense of the word "value."

Even without a financial reward, however, there is something to be said for good manners. The good-mannered man at least enjoys the pleasure of not being an object of loathing to his neighbours. If he is a chef, he does not use his thumb to put a slice of mutton on to the plate. He enables us to eat our food under the delightful ridiculous illusion that it has appeared on the plate by a sort of miracle without the touch of human hands. And good manners for chefs could be taught in a course of six or seven lessons. Till this happens, I will lunch at a restaurant where the carving and the rest of the business are done out of sight.

Y. Y.

RADIO

THE B.B.C., necessarily reduced to only two services, often is content to provide only one. On Nov. 25th, for instance, four hours of the Home programme were given up to tosh that was simultaneously going out on the Forces service. But that evening, when *The Rescue* began, our long patience was rewarded. For this was the most ambitious original work the B.B.C. has so far produced. *The Rescue* was a poetic drama by Edward Sackville West with orchestral score by Benjamin Britten. Plays on the wireless seldom find in me an indulgent listener, but this was beautiful and impressive. Not only was it a fine example of imaginative collaboration, but it marked a promising development in radio technique. In the theatre we are (or ought to be) receiving delight through two of our senses simultaneously, but the wireless can reach us through only one; so that the future of radio drama depends upon the skill used in overcoming, or rather exploiting, this limitation. Hitherto it has been usual to rely on a few tricks that necessarily have become commonplace. The noises of trains or hooves are used to suggest movement, while a record of gulls screaming has become a *cliché* to denote the sea. In *The Rescue* there were no such "recorded effects." Music was used to paint the scenery; and also to mark the gestures. Mr. Britten has rapidly gained an enviable celebrity because his virtuosity in handling musical material is no less remarkable than his imaginative power. The score of *The Rescue* is characteristically ingenious; it gives us landscapes and seascapes, the hubbub of potulence, the horror of violent death, the songs the sirens sang, and the compelling advice of Hermes and Athens. Also it places as it were before our eyes—only by the use of the xylophone—the mincing gait of Irus and his malicious steely smiles. My only complaint against the music is that there was not more of it. Almost for the first time I enjoyed listening to spoken words against an orchestral background. This score confirms the impression made by Mr. Britten's *Illuminations* and *Serenade*; he is congenitally a composer of operas.

Mr. Sackville West has gone for his plot to the Odyssey, the parts of it that have their scene in Ithaca. He has allowed himself every licence in the use of this material. The Hellenist might indeed be disconcerted, and not only by an occasional false quantity. Though there is humour and irony and homespun speech in the play, the style is usually much more lyrical and metaphorical than Homer's. I think I recognised the influence of Claudel and Cocteau—in any case the author has not so much dramatised

the Homeric text as let his imagination work upon Homeric material. His Irus, for instance, has little but the name in common with the Irus in the Odyssey; and such incidents as Telemachus's recognition of his father are reshaped and embroidered. If this is a stumbling-block to the pedant, the man who has never read the Odyssey may find the whole affair rather bewildering. Why, he may wonder, not knowing the social simplicity of the Homeric world, why is the Lady Penelope on such intimate terms with a swineherd? And why did Odysseus ever leave his happy home? But to one who was neither a Hellenist nor an ignoramus the treatment seemed felicitous as well as original; the characters were defined with a novelist's acuteness, and the imagery constantly evoked the Mediterranean scene:

> Ghost-shadow of the olive; secret grove
> Of salt-wind-stunted oaks; the ruthless omen
> Of eagles' flight; the voice among the leaves;
> Snake in the stone and swallow on the sea;
> The heavy-lidded eave; the blind white wall.

I found the first half of the play more successful than the second; the microphone is better adapted to the meditation of an individual than to the violence of a mob. In rendering the slaughter of the suitors Mr. Sackville West followed the custom of the Greek dramatists, presenting it through an eye-witness instead of as in Homer directly. The wireless medium made this necessary, but in the process the climax was muffed—the moment when, all the suitors having failed to draw the bow, Odysseus strung it without effort, and held it in his right hand, and tried the string, which sang sweetly beneath his touch, like a swallow . . .

The return of Odysseus, like so many of the Greek legends, is a symbol that perpetually is reinvigorated by current experience. Ithaca held by intruders, looted and bullied and starved, Ithaca betrayed by the rich and the time-serving and the cowardly, Ithaca waiting year after year for the deliverer from over the sea, Ithaca is the image of occupied Europe. And Mr. Sackville West emphasised and elaborated this symbolism. Whether by chance or by design I do not know, but the second part of *The Rescue* was preceded by a eye-witness's account of the famine now devastating Greece. Nothing could so forcibly have brought home the significance of the play. The descendants of Penelope and Mentor and Halitherses are dying daily on their islands, and in violet-crowned Athens and where Lacedaemon nestles among the hollow hills. Odysseus still is delayed; cannot we send some help without waiting for the day of rescue?

The Rescue demands careful criticism above all because it is an experiment in the development of a still primitive technique. Its defects were instructive no less than its virtues. I should like to hear it again. Our deep gratitude must go to everyone responsible for this impressive experiment, not least to the B.B.C. authorities for their boldness in backing the production; to Mr. Raybould, who conducted, as well as to Mr Burrell, who produced; to Miss Cathleen Nesbitt, whose Penelope cannot be too highly praised—an impersonation beautifully studied and deeply felt; to Mr. McKechnie for a mercurial and vivid Phemius and to Mr. Denis Arundell for an Odysseus which, despite a few mannerisms, carried conviction. The microphone exaggerates every shade of vocal expression, and I have never yet known a producer succeed in imposing on all his actors the prodigious restraint that the medium demands. Mr. John Byron I must therefore specially praise for an exemplary and limpid Telemachus, who never once descended into the usual *espressivo*.

Recently I attacked in these columns the notion that we should obtain programmes of a better quality if we replaced the B.B.C. by commercial broadcasting. *The Rescue* has confirmed me in my opinion. What business would ever spend money on such a work to advertise its dentrifice, its cough-cure or its potted meats? Evidently the Corporation is not lavish with such treats. But if one swallow does not make a summer, an occasional loaf is better than no bread.

ROGER MARVELL

CHRISTMAS. Give a postal subscription to this paper to a member of the Forces or a friend overseas. *Rates on p.* 365.

BALLADE OF THE BIRCHING DEAN

"All the best men in the country have been beaten, archbishops, bishops and even deans. Without sensible correction, they would not be the men they are to-day." (The Dean of Ely, quoted in *The Star*, Nov. 23, 1943.)

DECANUS LOQUITUR:

The birch that was our fathers' pride
Adorned the Dean's Ancestral Seat,
The thickness of the Bishop's hide
Without the lash were incomplete;
Because it generated heat
(*A tergo*, in the English way,
From embryonic Deans) we meet
The Glorious Deans we have to-day.

Clerical errors still abide
And Deans are often indiscreet,
The remedy so well applied
We now (vicariously) repeat;
And for our sins propose to beat
The future clergymen of Bray,
That Balaam's Ass may ever greet
The Glorious Deans we have to-day.

Posterity may now confide
Not only in the Paraclete;
Posterior Peccaticide
Drives Satan from his Last Retreat.
Ars longa were a brave conceit
And *Nuda Veritas* . . . We pray
Incumbents all to counterfeit
The Glorious Deans we have to-day.

ENVOI

Great Prince of Darkness, I entreat,
Satana, vade retro me!
Let *Art* preserve, though life is fleet,
The Glorious Deans we have to-day.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

Correspondence

THE MANAGERIAL REVOLUTION

SIR,—Mr. Norman MacKenzie may be a clear thinker but I have only his written word to go upon. If his reply to my article on the Burnham theory of the managerial revolution and its application to this present England intended to present the orthodox Marxist case, he does less than justice to his master and teacher. Moreover, I do not think he has understood Burnham: he has certainly misrepresented Davenport.

James Burnham was once active in the Trotskyist political organisation and took part in the discussion whether Stalinism was the legitimate heir of Leninism, if Leninism was the outgrowth of Marxism. So we may assume that Burnham knows his Marxist technique. Indeed, he accepts the Marxist thesis that capitalism is breaking down, that it cannot escape from its recurrent employment crises, its economic, political and ideological bankruptcy. I may remark in passing that the last attempt of the capitalist world to cure its chronic economic disease will be made when peace comes and the Keynes and Beveridges of Britain, backed by a strong Government of the vested interests, combine with their opposite numbers in America to plan and control a more intelligent capitalist economy. The attempt, I think, will fail. In any case, Burnham's argument is that the economic breakdown of capitalism will necessitate the nationalisation of all the means of production. It is this State-owned or socialist economy which, in his view, will be ruled by the new and rising class of managers. I suggest that Mr. MacKenzie did not appreciate this elementary point because he was in such a hurry to say that "talk of managerial domination in the U.S.S.R is rubbish." But is it such rubbish?

If Stalin could for a moment lay aside the sword for the pen to reply to Burnham's low and objectionable estimation of Russian ethics I do not think he would say that "managerial domination in the U.S.S.R. is rubbish." He would probably emphasise the importance of the time factor in the approach to the Marxist classless society of international socialism, which he would surely admit was not yet realised or realisable in Russia at the present time. Explaining Lenin's development of Marxism to the American labour delegates in 1927, Stalin repeatedly referred to the Soviet system as a class society, to the dictatorship of the proletariat "as a special form of class alliance," and to the Communist Party as "a higher form of the class organisation of the proletariat as compared with the other forms of proletarian organisation (labour unions, co-operative societies and State organisation)," the Party's function being to "generalise and direct the work of these organisations." The surviving Party leaders and their nominees in political and industrial administration are the present managerial order in Russia, and it is not surprising that they are economically better off than the mass of the people managed. So great a proportion of the manufactured output of the State has been devoted under Stalin's all-powerful management to armaments in preparation for the Second World War that there could be no great rise in the *general* standard of living. As Engels always said, it is the social development of production (of useful goods) which wipes out the class stratification of society. While the armament race lasted, this was not realisable in Russia.

Now Burnham's unpleasant suggestion is that the managers of Russia to-day have turned aside from their ideals—the realisation of the Marxist classless society of international socialism—and are content to remain a better-off, ruling class in a new managerial order. If they could hand on their wealth to their families, I would be inclined to agree with him. But if they cannot, and if they devote the reconstruction epoch after the war to improving the standard of living of the masses by giving priorities to the manufacture of worth-while household goods, then the present class distinctions in Russia will be flattened out and a great advance will be made, away from the managerial order, to the *classless* socialist society. It all depends on whether you believe in the ethical honesty of Stalin and his party. Personally I do. I objected in my article to Burnham's failure to recognise that "the new ruling class in Russia has shown an honesty of ethical purpose which is nowhere to be found among the cynical ruling class in Germany." I was, in fact, considerably irritated by his undiscriminating comparison of Stalinism and Nazism as two types of the managerial order—the one "advanced" and the other "primitive." Surely, we should keep an open mind about Russia until we see what form the post-war reconstruction takes in that country.

Mr. MacKenzie failed, I think, completely to understand what I was driving at. I was concerned to argue that Burnham's managerial theory fits the case of British society better than any other because of the dangerous trends in current British politics. Obviously if we arrive at State ownership of the means of production, *not through a mass proletarian revolution as in Russia, but through a Trade-Unionist-Labour party winning its first Parliamentary election*, we shall have a managerial order not far removed from a Fascist order, for, as Laski complains, the present Trade-Unionist-Labour party leaders have never in their lives been Marxist in any sense of the word. I was not advocating a mass proletarian revolution, which would be extremely dangerous for an economy like ours, so dependent upon overseas trade, but I was anxious to point out the inevitable trend towards the Corporate State when the Labour organisations combine with the capitalist organisations to control and plan production in their own selfish interests. I may add that I wrote my book "Vested Interests or Common Pool?" with one object in view—to warn the public where the political domination of the vested interests of capitalist and labour organisations was taking them. Am I to be called "dangerous" by Mr. MacKenzie because I point out a public danger? If so, will he please call the bishops immoral who point to the immoralities of the Piccadilly area in the black-out?

Mr. MacKenzie must give me credit for having worked in the capitalist order with my eyes open. I have watched, and occasionally shared in, the management of public companies divorced entirely from financial control. He is just out of date or ignorant when he declares "financial interests still have the last word." Occasionally they still do, but it is already the exception. Financially ownership

generally distributed throughout small holdings. And the small shareholders remain completely unorganised, except when some pertinacious or self-advertising lawyer gets busy in a legal fight against a board of directors. Believe me, the new class of manager in Great Britain is beginning to "divide and conquer" our capitalist world. But, objects Mr. MacKenzie, he has no class consciousness, no ideology. Nor had the bourgeoisie when they went into the Civil War in the seventeenth century and wrested power from the King and the feudal aristocracy. But a class consciousness quickly develops with the acquisition of wealth. It is developing rapidly to-day with the new class of wealthy managers. A new ideology is also taking shape with the emphasis on planning, order, discipline, full employment and so on. The monetary myths of the capitalist epoch are going out; the new myth of the planned managerial economy is taking their place. As I said in my article, I do not see this new order, as Burnham does, as a mere materialistic struggle for social power. I see it as a passing and unpleasant incident in the development of a social conscience, in the realisation of the Christian ethic. My ideal, if Mr. MacKenzie would know it, is far removed from the managerial planned economy which is now threatening us. In my humble view the State's duty is to organise liberty for the individual until the necessity for a State organisation ceases to exist. And it does not seem to me impossible that the ideal of self-government of the individual by his own enlightened concept of God and man will be achieved in our country in course of time by the process of spiritual education.

NICHOLAS DAVENPORT

MOSLEY'S RELEASE

SIR,—The Mosley affair only strengthens the conviction which has long been forced on me—that the British people imagines that the world ends at the English Channel. The outcry against Mosley's release is based on thoroughly inadequate grounds and, I suspect, being used as a very welcome excuse for a campaign directed against the only forceful—and thus dangerous—personality which Socialism has thrown up in recent years. From the English point of view the release is inopportune; from the Continental point of view (to which I have not seen a single reference in the combined howlings of the Press) it is disastrous. A more heaven-sent gift to Nazi propaganda could not be imagined and, needless to say, the radios of the occupied countries are making full use of it.

An Allied journalist said to me sadly, *à propos* of the release—"I am continually surprised at how little realisation you English have of the moral implications of this war." I am afraid many thousands of good and brave men on the European Continent are saying the same thing, and drawing their own conclusions. This is just one more blot added to the many we are gaily spattering on our reputation among those who should be our best friends.

CECILY MACKWORTH.

SIR,—May I claim a little of your space to support Raymond Mortimer?

It is disappointing, if not surprising, that so many otherwise rational and humane people should let both reason and humanity go by the board and be swept off their feet by a popular clamour—if indeed it is spontaneously popular—comparable to the "Hang the Kaiser" agitation or to anti-semitism itself. Popular attention can evidently as easily as ever be deflected from the real enemy—the Fascists in our midst whose shirts are anything but black, and the opportunity is being seized by them and those near them to get rid of one of the few Labour Ministers whom they really fear.

SCOTT BAYLISS.

DR. MACEK

SIR,—Mr. Ben Riley's letter in your issue of November 20th rightly pleads for the abandonment of certain "misleading articles" which have appeared regarding the Croats and Dr. Macek. But Mr. Riley would have done a much greater service to readers of the "*N.S.&N.*" had he himself set out more explicitly the true nature of the position of the Croat leaders, and not been misleading as to their attitude towards the pact with Hitler. "Dr. Macek and his fellow Croat ministers," writes Mr. Riley, "only knew of the conclusion of the pact when it was an accomplished fact."

But what are the facts? Either through ignorance or because of deliberate pan-Serb or pan-Croat sentiments, what happened in those unhappy days of 1941 has been misrepresented. In the last phase of the Prince Paul regime, both Croats and Slovenes played increasingly prominent roles. Dr. Macek, as leader of the Croat Peasant Party, and Dr. Koroshetz, as Leader of the Slovene Clerical Party (later succeeded by Dr. Kulovetz), enjoyed the full confidence of Prince Paul. And in the deliberations of the Ministerial Council they had much to say. The extent to which Macek enjoyed the confidence of those who were responsible for the pact on the Yugoslav side, and how much he agreed with them, is evident from the fact that Macek was one of the five Ministers who on March 24th, 1941, bade farewell to Svetkovich and Czinczar-Markovich, as they left the Belgrade railway station to sign the pact. When these two latter returned from Vienna, on March 26th, Macek was again one of the five Ministers to welcome them and congratulate them on their success.

Macek not only agreed to the pact with Hitler but was convinced that such a pact was necessary. As to this, there can be no doubt. It is, however, in their interpretation of the Croat Peasant Leader's motives that his enemies do him injustice. Macek supported the pact *not* because he was Germanophile or in sympathy with Fascist ideas, but because he was convinced that Yugoslavia should avoid a German attack at all costs. Also, during the few days he remained in Belgrade (until the eve of the bombardment of April 6th) Macek sought to persuade his Serb colleagues to make the compromise with Hitler possible. This was because, as a man who knew his own people well, he instinctively felt the dangers which would come upon them through German aggression. His Slovene colleague (Kulovetz) also pressed for a similar compromise, even though he was a Germanophobe, because of all the evils which he knew would fall upon his own people. Both Macek and Kulovetz wanted to avoid war with Germany at all costs. Both of them realised only too well what would happen to their own peoples. Macek was conscious of the fact that the Croats would not fight, and that in addition to their weak desire to resist they would be undermined by the treason of the Ustashi and of the Frankist Party, which had long been collaborationist. In both Croat and Slovene cases events justified their fears. Members of various British diplomatic and other missions know only too well the chaos existing in Croatia in those days, and that even members of the Croat Peasant Party often sought to check those who desired to resist. Macek wanted to prevent a future he saw only too well. His action was that of a man who had always been essentially a man of peace.

It is not the purpose of this letter to discuss whether Macek took the better course in remaining among his own people, rather than coming into exile. One thing, however, must be said. His presence here in London might have done much to prevent the misunderstandings between the Serb and Croat members of the last Yugoslav Government of politicians from ending in an open rupture.

May I, Sir, in conclusion, suggest that the time has come when genuine friends of the Yugoslavs should show their friendship not by adopting partisan attitudes upon issues which may well be left for the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes to settle themselves, but rather by seeking to evolve policies which will result in comprehensive solutions of problems which may be decisive for more than the peace of the Balkans, in the next generation?

ROBERT POWELL

BRAILLE

SIR,—May I make the following comments on Professor Joad's interesting account in your issue of

FABER BOOKS

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An objective and extraordinarily interesting study of the part armies have played in revolutions. Foreword by LIDDELL HART. 12/6

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JONATHAN CAPE

November 20th, of his talk with Miss X, a lady blind from birth?

(1) Books are transcribed into Braille by the blind from dictation, directly on to paper when preparing a single manuscript copy, or directly on to a metal plate when preparing a printed edition. The "cumbrous procedure" described—taking down in Braille shorthand and transcribing, partially from memory, into "Braille longhand script"—is unknown to me. Braille shorthand proper is, of course, used by blind shorthand-typists in secretarial work, but the Braille written and read by the ordinary reader is itself a kind of shorthand inasmuch as many contractions are used. Most Braille books are written or printed in contracted Braille (Grade II), but there are some for beginners and infants in uncontracted Braille (Grade I).

(2) Louis Braille invented his script in the "thirties," not in the "eighties." Although the Americans, in the past, changed, in some cases, the signification of some of the Braille characters, I have never heard that they adorned the Braille letters "with a special loop or twist." This seems impossible as the basis of all Braille characters is six dots placed as the six dots of a domino. The Americans had a form of Braille peculiar to them, coming between Grade I and Grade II and therefore known as Grade 1½. It is still used in America but most books there, as all in this country, are now published in Standard English Braille, established not "early in this century," but in 1932. To reach uniformity, experts in both countries agreed to drop or add certain contractions, and the only radical difference now in practice is that the Americans use the capital sign and we do not.

(3) The signs we use for God, Christ and Jesus are those for the letters G, C and J, but they must be preceded by another sign; otherwise, C means "can," G means "g)" and J means "just."

(4) I have never heard of "the moral standards of the blind" being "more carefully protected than those of the sighted" by the heavy hand of the censor. No Braille books published by the National Institute for the Blind, the largest Braille publishers in the British Empire, are in any way censored, and so far as I know, this is true of all Braille publications in this country and in America. All Braille editions are exact transcriptions of the letterpress editions. It is obvious, from the instance of "censoring" given, that if Miss X was able to poke up "the pimples that the blind feel" the pimples were in the original transcriptions and that the flattening process, whereby the transcription became slightly expurgated, was due to an individual teacher of young children. But is not this a normal process? Are not most letterpress school editions of Shakespeare's plays slightly expurgated?

J. DE LA MARE ROWLEY,
General Editor.

National Institute for the Blind,
London, W.1.

IDEOLOGICAL WAR

SIR,—Are not the "two views of this war" suggested on your front page rather fancy? "The second is . . . that the struggle is at heart ideological," *i.e.* against Fascism rather than the German State. Does this imply that if Germany, when she made her bid for world conquest, had been ruled by Conservatives, Liberals, or Communists (all political parties have supplied European aggressors in the past), we should have meekly sat down under it? I should have thought we should have behaved precisely as we did and always have—let it go a certain way, hoping it might stop by itself, then decided it must be stopped, and declared war. After all, should we wish Europe (including Great Britain) to be conquered and ruled by any aggressor State, whatever its political colour? This view is so often put forth, and to me seems so misty and muddled that I wish someone who holds it would answer my question in a clear way suited to my comprehension.

ROSE MACAULAY

[Perhaps the best way of summarising the point is by illustration. On Sunday afternoon demonstrators carried a mock coffin and gallows to Trafalgar Square and talked about killing British Fascists. This was totally outside the British tradition, and seems to most people, including ourselves, foolish and hysterical. But it illustrates precisely the point that there are a large number of people who are fighting against Fascism as such and who regard the leader of British Fascism as an enemy just as they do Hitler or Göring. Miss Macaulay might have disliked such a demonstration against Hitler if he had been a prisoner in this country, but she would have understood it. In brief, Nationalism and Fascism are interwoven, but separate, issues. Our rulers may dislike Fascism, but they fight, as Miss Macaulay rightly says, against a dangerous aggressor, whether Fascist or not. But if the class issue, which cuts across the nationalist, had been as sharp here as it was in France, some of them would have behaved like Laval and Pétain; while if Germany had not been Nazi, many workers, who now fight readily in this war, would have opposed it. Since the aggressor is, in fact, Fascist, the two groups are united for this war. But they fight for different reasons and are only united by the fact of a common enemy, just as the Western democracies have been made allies of the U.S.S.R. because Germany makes war on two fronts. Of course the division between the two groups is not as sharp as we have suggested for the purposes of clarification. Actually many "nationalists" are also "anti-Fascists," and most anti-Fascists are also nationalis But that does not alter the fact that there are, as said, two main views of the war, the nationalist a the ideological.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE LAND ARMY

SIR,—If "Landgirl" will write direct to me, will put her in touch with the W.E.A. organiser f her district, who will be glad to provide the mem recreation which is encouraging to read is desir I do not think "Landgirl" can be in this area, whe I have received co-operation from both the E. Ke and E. Sussex representatives in organising lecture

To date 21 single lectures have been given in vario hostels and clubs, six more will be given in Decembe Three courses of lectures have been held, one at very isolated hostel, the members of which now recei a regular supply of books, both fiction and non-ficti from the County library.

My colleagues and myself count it a privilege assist members of the W.L.A. in every possible wa and I look forward to hearing from "Landgirl."

"Haldon," Hillview Road, E. E. HEYWOOD.
Whitstable, Kent. Organiser for S.E. Distri

SO MUCH BY SO FEW

SIR,—Speaking at Oxford to-day, Sir Willia Beveridge said that eighty per cent. of the priva wealth of this country was owned by seven per cen of the population.

Never . . . has so much been owed to so many by so few. E. V. MILNER

MINISTRY OF FOOD

SIR,—In your issue of November 20th, "Critic in "A London Diary," states that from the time Lord Woolton's appointment at the Ministry of Foo letters addressed to the Minister have been careful and personally answered and grievances have receiv attention.

This is not generally true. I know of many ca where personal letters have merely been referred to th Department's branches (North Wales and oth places), and after great delay been inadequately dea with.

I have during the last two years made numero appeals personally to the Minister in a sincere en deavour to obtain additional rations for tubercul patients and also for dyspeptics, and in no single ca was the letter dealt with personally. In fact, althou the Department has, I suppose, done well for hale an hearty people and nursing mothers, it has treated th cases of the two types of invalids to which I refer abov with a cruel and callous indifference.

I can amplify this statement in detail with chapt and verse if required. At present I respect your limite space. W. H. DAVIES

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Before the year closes it is well to remember that not the least among the number of remarkable books whose publication distinguished the year 1843 was Macaulay's *Essays*. We owe their appearance at that time to the Americans. Macaulay had previously considered publishing his reviews in book form and turned the idea down. For all his cocksure certainty he was a modest man. He did not think so highly of his essays as the public did. "The public judges, and ought to judge, indulgently of periodical works," he wrote to the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*. "They are not expected to be highly finished. Their natural life is only six weeks." But his hand was forced in the matter. When, not content with collecting and publishing his reviews (without permission or remuneration) in the United States, American publishers imported copies in their hundreds into this country, Macaulay was forced to act. We have reason to be grateful. So far from being confined to a natural life of only six weeks, the *Essays* have survived a hundred years. Few works have been so severely criticised, or shown to have more serious errors; and yet there is no doubt that they will go gaily on to their second century. To what do they owe their survival?

First and last, they owe it to their immense readability. The inscription upon Macaulay's statue in the ante-chapel of Trinity at Cambridge, which says that he was the first to write annals in such a way that the truth was more readable than fiction, has an element of exaggeration in it, when you think of Gibbon and Hume before him, not to mention Tacitus. But all the same it lays hold of the essential fact about Macaulay: he is the most readable of historians. The difficulty with him is not, as with some others (the egregious Freeman, for example), to take him up, but to put him down: the eye races through those exciting, easy pages, fearful lest the chapter or the essay come to an end too soon. And the *Essays*, though not up to the standard Macaulay reached in the *History*, reveal this particular quality at its highest.

Whatever we may think of his point of view, and however much we must take exception to what he says, there is no doubt about the pleasure he has given now to generations and will continue to give. Sir G. O. Trevelyan says that the demand for Macaulay varies with the demand for coal. It is a pleasant nineteenth-century thought. But I can imagine no more cheerful and stimulating companion for winter evenings in war-time, in conditions of the black-out. As Macaulay himself says of the pleasures of reading: "Plato is never sullen. Dante does not stay too long."

And the *Essays* are incomparable for young people who are just beginning to take an interest in things of the mind. How many people owe their first intellectual stimulus to the *Essays*! (The appreciation of the *History*, a maturer work, comes later.) Arthur Balfour, in his *Autobiography*, has expressed the obligation of those hundreds of people, with minds worth speaking of, for whom the *Essays* opened a door to higher things. One can see why this should be: for all that Macaulay was a man of affairs, and even a man of the world, there was something curiously unadult, ungrown-up about him. After Dickens the most famous writer of his day, he remained something of a boy to the end of his life. (Some people—it is obvious that Strachey was one of them—have the impression that we don't know all there is to be known about Macaulay.)

What, then, are the qualities which make the *Essays* such a prodigious success?

They have a power of holding the attention in a most extraordinary way. And this arises from the fact that their style is essentially conversational—but the conversation is dramatic, declamatory, exciting. In fact the *Essays* are debates. Macaulay in his usual generous way gave Southey the credit for first hitting upon this form of historical essay; he merely said that he had improved upon it. But what life and vivacity Macaulay gave to it! You can hear the voice, the torrent of that astonishing conversation, which made some people protest (*cf.* Greville's *Memoirs*), though, like Greville, they usually ended by submitting, fascinated, conquered by him. Again and again one has the sensation of listening to a wonderful discussion among that brilliant circle of young men at Cambridge, or to the famous talk at Holland House. There is all the dramatic excitement of opposing ideas being argued out. There are the intellectual high spirits on every page—always an irresistible quality. There is plenty of good knockabout fun. One cannot but enjoy his attack on Montgomery's *Poems*—would there were someone with a pen like his to deal with the Montgomerys of our day!—or his onslaught upon the intolerable prolixity of Professor Nares:

"The work of Dr. Nares has filled us with astonishment similar to that which Captain Lemuel Gulliver felt when first he landed in Brobdingnag, and saw corn as high as the oaks in the New Forest, thimbles as large as buckets, and wrens of the bulk of turkeys. The whole book, and every component part of it, is on a gigantic scale. The title is as long as an ordinary preface: the prefatory matter would furnish out an ordinary book; and the book contains as much reading as an ordinary library. We cannot sum up the merits of the stupendous mass of paper which lies before us better than by saying it consists of about two thousand closely printed quarto pages, that it occupies fifteen hundred inches cubic measure, and that it weighs sixty pounds avoirdupois. Such a book might, before the Deluge, have been considered as light reading by Hilpa and Shallum. But unhappily the life of man is now three-score years and ten; and we cannot but think it somewhat unfair of Dr. Nares to demand from us so large a portion of so short an existence." And so on.

I used to think that this might be somewhat unfair on poor Dr. Nares; but having tried to read his book, I now sympathise with Macaulay.

Besides high spirits, ceaseless vivacity, great sense of phrase, a vivid historical imagination, clear-cut and accurate, something more is needed to explain his success as a writer. On the technical side the clue is to be found in his admirable, his infallible power of construction. Whatever it may be, whether argument, or scene, or narrative, he carries the reader irresistibly along with him. Other factors help to explain his almost unexampled success with the public in his own time. He was a deeply conventional man, a Philistine of genius; his work appealed to, was the very expression of, the conventionalism, the Philistinism of the Victorian age. He was a moralist of a rather crude kind; he spoke straight to the heart of a society which, almost inexplicably to us, saw everything in crudely moral terms. To him, as to them, everything was either black or it was white. And so we get the fatiguing antitheses in which he saw, altogether too simply, the characters of Warren Hastings, Clive, Marlborough, Bacon, Dr. Johnson, Horace Walpole. Whatever we may think of it as history, there is no doubt that it makes for good reading.

Macaulay's defects were the defects of his qualities. He was very square-cut, definite, downright. Altogether too much so. He had much of the positiveness of the eighteenth century about him. His taste was formed on Addison, that proto-Victorian, and the writers of the age of Queen Anne. This meant a great limitation of sympathies—though, even then, those were broader than many of his latter-day critics realise. It was Macaulay, somewhat surprisingly, who said: "We know no spectacle so ridiculous as the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality." (If it had not been for that magisterial "we," it might have been Matthew Arnold speaking.) His essay on the Restoration dramatists shows him a good deal less sympathetic to Puritanism than might have been feared from the son of Zachary Macaulay, brought up in the strictest circle of the Clapham sect, the darling child of Hannah More.

The pity is that Macaulay had such power, such unique vividness, that when he was wrong, as he often was, he has impressed his own version upon the English mind more firmly than the truth. His treatment of Warren Hastings and Marlborough are outstanding cases in point. One might almost say that his misrepresentation of Hastings was responsible for the Indian attitude towards the history of our rule in India. What people other than the English would have been so careless of their own case, so unjust to themselves, as to prescribe the reading of Macaulay's essay on Warren Hastings in their schools and universities? The English have a singular faculty of depreciating their great men. (Is it perhaps a form of superiority-complex?) Most people must still be under the impression that Marlborough, though a great soldier, was a bad hat. That is the view that Macaulay has fixed upon us. It is quite untrue that he was a bad man: he was a cold, wonderfully controlled man; but in addition to his genius, he was not without a heart. The Prime Minister's life of his ancestor, a very fine historical work, has disproved Macaulay once and for all.

Nevertheless, the exaggeratedly high standards which Macaulay stood for were an important element in forming the Victorian outlook. Though the Victorians kidded themselves a lot, they were genuinely high-minded; which we are not—and we lose something by it.

It is interesting to note Macaulay's own modest estimate of his *Essays*: "In spite of the applause and the profit, neither of which I despise, I am sorry that it had become necessary to republish these papers. There are few of them which I read with satisfaction. Those few, however, are generally the latest, and this is a consolatory circumstance. The most hostile critic must admit, I think, that I have improved greatly as a writer. The third volume seems to me worth two of the second, and the second worth ten of the first."

That gives a very useful little clue to the correct estimation of the *Essays*. What is needed is a dependable guide to them for the use of the unwary.

A. L. Rowse

NEW NOVELS

Arrival and Departure. By Arthur Koestler. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Responsibility. By James Agate. *Hutchinson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Gideon Planish. By Sinclair Lewis. *Cape.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Arthur Koestler is probably the cleverest novelist writing in English to-day. In our language the word has become a slight—the quality suspect, if not odious. No honest instinct, this, but a bubble bursting on the dough of our stupidity. In itself the word has no intellectual implication, but just as there are clever salesmen and clever politicians, so there are clever intellectuals. Koestler is one of these. His attitude is profoundly and honourably intellectual in that he sees life as a series of mental and moral problems to be solved, or at least to be clearly stated. His cleverness is shown in the subtlety of his solutions and, perhaps even more strikingly, in the clarity of his expositions. His mind is dialectical in the most reputable sense of the word. Here is this attitude, here is its incompatible antithesis and here is a tentative synthesis. So it was in *Darkness at Noon* and so it is in *Arrival and Departure*.

But suspicion of cleverness persists even among the educated, though this, I believe, is due to confusion rather than to obscurantism. In literature cleverness is loosely used for "mere cleverness." The first quality is a pure advantage in a creative writer—no less so than emotion, sympathy and imagination. But no single quality is enough. Cleverness alone is as arid as emotion alone is disorderly. The fault of a cerebral writer is not his cleverness but his lack of other qualities. Can it be said that Koestler is too cerebral? I think the answer is a qualified no, and if this review deals largely with the qualifications it assumes a high admiration shared

by all who have read *Darkness at Noon* and who, it surely follows, intend to read *Arrival and Departure*.

For once a blurb could not be bettered as a description of the book's theme :—

"Arthur Koestler's new book begins with the arrival of a young man in the capital of a neutral country. Whence and what is Peter Slarck? During the interlude which he spends in Neutralia he suffers from a nervous breakdown and undergoes a course of treatment in which the whole structure of his past is revealed and the secret motives of his actions are brought to light. Hero, or neurotic case, or both? That is the question. The story moves as it were on the geometrical line where the two planes intersect—the rational plane of psychological analysis and the irrational plane of ethical values. . . . The book ends with Peter Slarck's departure for an unknown fate, still uncertainly groping for new values only dimly guessed."

If, as I have suggested, aridity is a sign of disproportionate cleverness, Koestler survives this initial test almost contemptuously. A less arid writer it would be hard to imagine. But it is the fertility of his imagination rather than the strength of his emotions or his sympathy which enriches the tough intellectual framework. And again, it is not even that his sympathy or emotions are weak, but that his intellect has set them a standard which sometimes seems too high. Yet the great and rare qualities of the book cry out for priority.

The thesis, then, is a blind and unreasoned heroism, the heroism of Slarck under torture and inquisition. The antithesis is the revelation of childhood guilt and the explaining away of heroism as a mere mechanism of atonement. The synthesis is clear-sighted self-sacrifice. The book is an argument with premises and conclusion, an argument with a hundred fascinating epiphenomena on the way, rich in metaphor, simile and illustration, clear, brilliant and yet scrupulously honest. Also, and perhaps most important, it is a convincing argument. Koestler has an originality not only of thought but of vision, and the result is that one is sometimes dazzled into acquiescence by the sheer novelty of the picture. Yet a more reflective later judgment can detect no flaw and no undignified sleight of hand.

There is a prodigality about Koestler which will outrage many a meaner writer. The Freudian and Jungian psychologies offer material for the novelist which, if one ignores a certain facile contemporary jargon, is still almost wholly unexploited. The assimilation of this material and its conversion into artistic form is a major problem for the future novelist. It is a problem which Koestler has left unsolved. His treatment is marvellously deft, but it is no more than a preliminary nibble and salivation. In it can be found a neat epitome of his complex of talents, their wide range, their vigour and their slight but unmistakable lack of proportion.

The complete novelist will one day use the great discoveries of Freud, and still more, I believe, of Jung as an integrated part of his mental equipment. This does not appear to be Koestler's aim. His interest in psycho-analysis is speculative and intellectual; instead of trying to assimilate and exploit whatever may be of value in it, he uses the theory from *the outside* as a new intellectual counter. Thus it is natural that Slarck should actually undergo an analysis and that only under these peculiar hothouse conditions is the book given new psychological depth. Briefly, Koestler's use of Freud is that of an intellectual rather than of a novelist. As an intellectual he uses him brilliantly, truthfully and imaginatively.

I have also suggested that Koestler's emotions and sympathy, though strong, lag somewhat behind his intellect and imagination. I think this is clearest at precisely the moments of greatest emotional stress, and particularly during the torture scenes relived by Slarck during his analysis. To say that these appallingly vivid descriptions are in any way forced or unconvincing would be misleading, but their vividness is of vivid imagination rather than of powerful sympathy. Slarck is led to the room where he is to be beaten up, and where the six police thugs are waiting for him. "... the sixth one, a cigar in his mouth and bowler hat pushed back on to his neck, had opened his vest and trousers and was searching himself for crabs by the window." An unmistakable Koestler stroke of anticipatory horror. Later one of the physical results of torture is described as a spontaneous opening of the bowels. "For the flesh was cunning; it wanted to survive with a savage will of its own; and in a crisis it could only survive by turning against the spirit, by deriding and fouling it, to prove that all further resistance was useless. The inquisitors knew that their real ally was not the victim's spirit but his flesh." Again, this is brilliant, horrifying and convincing. The lash is so faint that no isolated passage can illustrate it, yet I believe it to be unmistakable. The very ruthlessness of his descriptions suggests the flogging of emotions which have not quite met the demands made on them. At times Koestler begins to torture himself, and whenever this happens I find in myself a suspension of emotional response.

Koestler has often expressed his horror at our insular lack of sympathetic imagination. He knows the abominations of Nazi Europe; we do not, and we make little effort to envisage them. This is certainly a horrifying quality, but I am unwilling to believe that his preoccupation with torture has a didactic motive. Yet I believe that there is little artistic justification for the sheer weight and extremity of detail which is given to these scenes. Other themes are handled as vividly but less importunately.

Finally, and in no sense a reflection on the book, I cannot avoid a certain sympathetic amusement at the persistence of Koestler's Stalinist father-imago. Here he is reduced to a mere shadow, passed from time to time in the street. All ex-members of that party, however deeply convinced of its sins and absurdities, will share the faint irrational guilt of a son towards his disreputable but legitimate parent.

I have criticised *Arrival and Departure* not as a current novel, by which criterion the faintest doubt of its supremacy would be out of place, but as the enduring work of art which I believe it may prove to be. Its qualities are not only of a high but of an extremely rare order, and its failings are the failings of an outstanding talent.

The failings of Mr. Agate's book are not worth discussing. It is an excellent minor novel, written in pleasant and effective Edwardian prose, and with all the vigour one would expect. A good book in a noble and very English tradition. It is a revised version of a novel that appeared in 1919. I share the author's disarming regret that he has "lost the knack"

Gideon Planish is an extremely funny book about a philanthropist racketeer, as thoroughly American as *Responsibility* is English. As always with Mr. Lewis' works, I felt a strong affection and respect for the author. Perhaps the jokes are repeated too often, but they are good jokes, and the awful bits are very awful indeed.

PHILIP TOYNBEE

DANTE'S PARADISO

Dante's Paradiso. The Italian text with a translation into English Triple Rhyme by LAURENCE BINYON. *Macmillan.* 10s. 6d.

The *Divine Comedy* has often been translated into English, and sometimes very well. The noble prose version in the Temple Classics has introduced many readers to Dante and still holds its own for scrupulous accuracy and self-effacing devotion to the original. In recent years M. B. Anderson has produced his admirable version in *terza rima*, and now we have the last volume of Laurence Binyon's translation in the same metre, published as only Messrs. Macmillan seem able to publish in war-time and accompanied by the Italian text so that we can, if we wish, use the English as a "crib" to the original.

It was right of Binyon to translate the *Divine Comedy*. He belonged to the old school of scholarly poets who formed their style and their taste by a study of the great masters. W characteristic modesty, he always claimed that did not really know Italian, but liked the exerc of translation. His result belies his claims. H version is wonderfully accurate and close. T triple rhymes seem to cause him no troubl the many historical references are deftly treat in short introductory notes to each Canto; t English version reads like an English poem.

The *Paradiso* is the hardest part of the *Divi Comedy* to appreciate, but once we have learn to understand it, it seems to be the crownin glory of the whole work and to provide a kind poetry which does not exist anywhere else in t world. Into it Dante put his considered explan tions of many vexed problems, and his solutio are perhaps a little remote for us, but through there breathes an incomparable celestial joy, absolute satisfaction of the spirit. It rises fr the quiet scenes with Piccarda and Justinian the great leaders of the Church and the fin overwhelming vision, when Dante's poetry reach its highest point in St. Bernard's prayer to t Virgin. It covers an extraordinary range sentiment and emotion, and through it all feel the dominating personality of Dante himse

To translate such a work is indeed a diffic task. On the one hand are the passages of scie tific and theological explanation; which presented in a language reminiscent of the Scho men, condensed, formal, and argumentati On the other are passages of the purest and m radiant poetry, where the words come with su ease and such power that we can hardly belie that any translation can do justice to the Binyon wisely does not try to make the explan tory passages any simpler in English than th are in Italian. He conveys the old scholas note :

> But let none shift the burden wilfully
> From off his back, if at the turning sticks
> Either the white key or the yellow key.
> Let him hold all exchange as folly's tricks,
> Unless the thing that's taken up include
> The thing laid down, as four's contained in six.

But he equally rises to his great occasions, as St. Bernard's prayer :

> Maiden and Mother, daughter of thine own Son,
> Beyond all creatures lowly and lifted high,
> Of the Eternal Design the corner-stone!
> Thou art she who did man's substance glorify
> So that its own Maker did not eschew
> Even to be made of its mortality.

No translation can be a substitute for the origin but this translation will lead many to see wh kind of poetry Dante wrote and then to mas the original for themselves.

C. M. BOWRA

ECONOMICS AND UNEMPLOYMEN

The Means to Full Employment. By G. D. COLE. *Gollancz.* 6s.

A coherent body of opinion is beginning emerge from the discussions which are going about post-war employment policy. Those w regard full employment as the best means saving capitalism and those who regard it the starting-point for a gradual transition socialism meet in a half-way house. No do they could not sojourn there amicably in rea for long, but as far as paper schemes go th agree pretty well. Mr Cole keeps the quest of Socialism in the background, and outlines policy in terms of semi-planned capitalism. O the responsibility of the Government to maint full employment is accepted (and it is n accepted even by the Leader of the Conservat Party) the dominant question becomes: W is the best use to which labour can be pu It ceases to be relevant to point out that, times of slump, the national income can be creased even by useless activity—digging ho in the ground and filling them up again. T proposition has not ceased to be true. It never more strikingly illustrated than by the that, in U.S.A. in 1942, the production of arm ments led to a sharp increase in civilian co sumption. But it ceases to be relevant, for

we are to have full employment in any case, it becomes important to see that employment yields the maximum possible real return. We must think, then, in terms of a scale of national priorities. The requirements of defence and administration and of exports to pay for necessary imports must be met. These represent, as it were, the cost of everything else. The remaining uses to which productive resources can be put may be divided into three main categories—provision for consumption, industrial investment, and what may be called social investment in providing the physical and human equipment for health and education services. The purpose of an employment policy is to see that the flow of money demand is adjusted so as to bring about the right allocation of resources between these purposes. The means to bring about an increase in consumption is a less unequal distribution of purchasing power; the means to regulate investment are to institute direct Government control or to entice private enterprise into making the right investments.

The abolition of want, that is, a rise in the lowest incomes, clearly comes high on the scale of priorities. But, beyond that, Mr. Cole favours increased investment rather than increased immediate consumption as a means of avoiding the waste of resources in unemployment which comes about in a system of unregulated private enterprise. He prefers investment partly because of the great and obvious needs both for housing and for re-equipment of industry which will confront us for many years after the war, and partly because, the structure of our industry being what it is, a change over to a lower proportion of investment would be difficult to accomplish at all quickly.

As a means to control investment he favours a great extension of Governmental activity, though he generally prefers Public Corporations to direct action by existing Departments. He would like to see a Minister of Economic Development and Planning, in charge of a Capital Budget quite distinct from the ordinary Budget, whose concern would be to regulate the pace of investment, public and private taken together, in such a way as to make it both stable and adequate to prevent unemployment. Since he does not expect that private investment can be stabilised, he divides public investment into two categories, a part which should be carried out continuously upon a long-term plan (housing is contained in this part), and a part which should be regulated so as to offset the fluctuations in private investment.

Any employment policy is liable to be frustrated by restrictive monopoly. Mr. Cole does not hope much from the legal prohibition of monopolistic practices or from legal price control. He favours the setting up of Industrial Boards with State-appointed chairmen to regulate some industries, while others must be taken over by Public Corporations.

The above are only a few salient points from the design for an employment policy which Mr. Cole elaborates with great wealth of detail in this closely packed volume.

Unfortunately the theoretical argument with which he leads up to the policy is unnecessarily abstruse. It is composed of an uneasy mixture of the old-fashioned Quantity Theory of Money with the ideas of Hobson and Keynes. For the lay reader, to whom the book is primarily addressed, the Quantity Theory is a great obfuscation of an essentially simple argument. If it is true that the quantity of money regulates prices, what is all the trouble about, the ordinary reader asks? Why can't the authorities create enough money to get prices to whatever level will keep trade active? In answer, he is warned that creating money is inflationary. But you told me just now, he protests, that inflation only becomes a menace when full employment is achieved. Why cannot they issue just enough money to get to full employment, and then stop? In answer, he is told that after all the authorities cannot control the velocity of circulation of money, that merely regulating the quantity of money gets us nowhere if the velocity alters, and that to keep up the level of incomes and of business activity there must be Government outlay on goods and services. By this time the ordinary reader is probably too bewildered to go on with the argument. He rarely has the resolution to retort: Why, then, did you bother me with the Quantity Theory at all? and is more likely to sink into the arms of the nearest money crank, who at least sticks consistently to one story.

The distinguishing mark of the money cranks is that they believe that, merely by controlling the banks, it is possible to achieve continuous full employment and social justice without any other interference with the private enterprise system. Mr. Cole certainly does not belong to this school of thought; he does not shrink from advocating very drastic interference and control. All the more pity that he should lend his persuasive pen to propagating theories which so much obscure the real problem.

JOAN ROBINSON

RESISTANCE IN EUROPE

Europe Rises. By DOROTHY WOODMAN. *Gollancz.* 4*s.* 6*d.*

"Now somewhat rare," says the Oxford Dictionary of the word *guerrilla*. Fortunately for freedom, the *thing* is no longer rare: a dozen anonymous village heroes harry the Nazis for every one that the Nazis catch.

Miss Woodman's book is indispensable to all who need a thorough, but compact, survey of the various European resistance movements, which, as she rightly points out, take a different form in each country. The preface is dated September 11th; so that, although the news changes rapidly, her information is reasonably up to date. All the main facts and origins of resistance are here, and the assessments (e.g., of Mihailovich) appear to be correct. Newspaper readers are sometimes confused by the labyrinth of initials, nicknames, etc., in the foreign reports: Tito, EAM, *V Boj*, RCS and so forth. Miss Woodman will see them through. She handles the *émigré* Polish Government with firmness but tact, and emphasises the real, stupendous gallantry of the Polish popular resistance. She notes fairly the anti-Nazism of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in Belgium and elsewhere. She gives, too, many of the best anecdotes which have come through at various times—for instance, the nocturnal transference of the "For Germans Only" signs from cafés to lamp-posts and cemeteries. Such incidents seem trivial, but they help to keep a people in good heart, despite the horrible reprisals sometimes exacted. Most of the record is of more substantial open and underground opposition. Only countries occupied by invasion are dealt with; Germany itself, Italy and Austria are omitted. So, rather regrettably, is France, which, says Miss Woodman, "requires a book to itself." It is to be hoped that she will write it.

TOM DRIBERG

MR. DARK AMONG THE 'DOXIES

I Sit and I Think and I Wonder. By SIDNEY DARK. *Gollancz.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Readers of Mr. Sidney Dark's latest book should not mistake it for an autobiography. It is more truly described on the book's jacket as "a record of the author's political and religious convictions, and of his reactions to the events and developments of the world during his life." In March of this year THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION said that, historically, revolts against

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clericalism have not always meant the rejection of Christian ethics; more often they have been the angry repudiation of an institution which helps to maintain ignorance and poverty. "If the Church to-day shows some sign of renaissance, that is because many of the younger priests and pastors, occasionally supported by a few of the braver spirits in the upper reaches of the Hierarchy have, like their predecessors in the French Revolution, found in their religion the inspiration to resist tyranny and champion liberation and enlightenment." As editor of *The Church Times*, Mr. Dark has undoubtedly contributed much to the support of these "brave spirits," who, in turn, have been backed in the last few years by both our present Archbishops.

Mr. Dark is a competent and readable journalist, an excellent public speaker and broadcaster, a first-class raconteur, and an omnivorous reader; he mixes easily with assistants in shops and labourers in taverns, and has a keen eye for what in any event or episode is calculated specially to interest the majority. Hence the great success achieved by *John o' London's Weekly* under his hand.

The Church Times, the editorship of which, to the surprise of his friends, he accepted when he resigned that of *John o' London*, provided Mr. Dark with a new platform for propaganda. Socialist enthusiasts in this country have not, until the later Victorian age, been recruited from the ranks of orthodox Church people, lay or clerical. Then F. D. Maurice, Kingsley and Cardinal Manning, and, later, Scott Holland and Bishop Gore, contributed notably to Socialist sentiment, but Clifford and some other Nonconformist preachers contributed much more.

We are told that the teaching of the "Anglo-Catholics" is that "the Christian faith is primarily a matter of the personal relations of each individual soul to God; with the result that their sparse congregations consist mainly of elderly and frustrated spinsters and the rather unpleasant young men who love to wear lace cottas and serve at the altar." Yet elsewhere the author expresses the opinion that that branch of the Church is the only one worth thinking about. For Roman Catholics, Protestants and Dissenters he has scarcely a good word to say.

Self-contradictory or not, *I Sit and I Think and I Wonder* is so interesting that it should be read, together with the last five pages of Mr. C. D. Cole's *Europe, Russia and the Future*, by every professing Christian socialistically inclined, whether priest or layman.

HARRY ROBERTS

THE ITALIAN QUEEN

The Age of Catherine de Medici. By J. E. NEALE. *Cape.* 6*s.*

"What more could one poor woman, with a handful of children, do?" As we study the politics of the second half of the sixteenth century in France we are at first inclined to agree with Henry IV's merciful verdict on Catherine de Medici. Her task was seemingly impossible, and in that she brought her three sons to the throne she can be said in some measure to have succeeded. She could turn to three noble families for support. The Bourbons were, however, Huguenots, and their real leader, Condé, a perpetual menace to the Crown. Montmorency, the Constable of France, was a loyal but unsuccessful general, his three nephews were Huguenot converts; and when Catherine relied on the eldest, the honourable and wise Coligny, he began to conduct what Catholics considered a Protestant war against the King of Spain. It would perhaps have been wiser to rely on the third family of the Guises: yet, though successful, intelligent and charming, they were ambitious parvenus and, from the Crown's point of view, untrustworthy. Moreover she dared not entrust herself entirely to any one faction, for in the end it always meant war—and war took power out of her hands.

But Henry IV's verdict is too indulgent in Professor Neale's eyes. He is not content merely to record and expound the political and religious background of the age. He judges with Rhadamanthine vigour. He admits Catherine's difficulties. She was not French, she was not a queen-regnant, the power of the feudal families was unbroken; she was not insulated by geography from the spread of a rival religion. But in an illuminating passage he compares her with Elizabeth and shows that the causes of her failure lay in herself. Firstly because she entirely lacked, both in politics and religion, a grasp of principle. Both she and Elizabeth were opportunists. But Elizabeth was a statesman, she knew when firmness was essential and when to yield; Catherine compromised when she was strong and became inflexible when weak. Elizabeth's intellect and sagacity found a religious solution; Catherine imagined that it was possible for the Cardinal of Lorraine and Beza to sit down at a table and settle the differences between Catholicism and Calvinism. She was intelligent enough, but lacked in politics and religion that stability of purpose which a ruler must possess if he is to gain support. Secondly, because she showed that she cared more for her children than for France. To wish to retain power is natural; but it is only justifiable if it can be identified with a desire to further the interests of the country—or, failing that, if it does in fact further those interests. Elizabeth did both; Catherine neither. She was, Professor Neale argues, a mother rather than a queen.

So, in a hundred short pages, Professor Neale has summarised the historical processes and narrative of a most complicated period. It can be read with ease and profit by anyone remotely interested in the sixteenth century or versed in historical ideas; and, so clearly is it distilled, that the Wars of Religion are likely to be omitted from university scholarship papers for some years to come.

NOEL ANNAN

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Under Mr. Orwell's direction the B.B.C. broadcasts to India have followed an enlightened policy that reflects credit on everyone responsible. This collection of broadcasts includes talks by E. M. Forster, Cyril Connolly, Cedric Dover, J. M. Tambimuttu, Reginald Reynolds, Wickham Steed and Hsiao Ch'ien. No attempt has been made to present the English as faultless, but the Indian listener, who may know us merely as oppressors or as philistine business-men, is shown the more amiable and liberal aspects of our national character. By a large-scale distribution of wireless-sets and a corresponding use of the cinema with special films, the British Government might yet achieve a happy evolution of our relations with India. The outlay would bring immense dividends, in terms of money as well as of good feeling; but it seems unlikely that either the India Office or the Treasury has the necessary imagination.

Week-end Competitions

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RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 719

by Raymond Mortimer

The usual prizes are offered for English renderings of the following stanzas from an Ode on the Nativity.

Le Silence vêtu de noir,
Retournant faire son devoir
Vole sur la mer et la terre,
Et l'Océan joyeux de sa tranquillité
Est un liquide verre
Où la face du Ciel imprime sa beauté.

Le visage du Firmament
Descendu dans cet élément
Y fait voir sa figure peinte,
Les feux du Ciel sans peur nagent dedans la mer
Et les poissons sans crainte
Glissent parmi ces feux qui semblent les aimer.

Dans le fond de ce grand miroir
La Nature se plaît à voir
L'onde et la flamme si voisines
Et les Astres tombés en ces pays nouveaux,
Salamandres marines,
Se baignent à plaisir dans le giron des eaux.

L'illustre Déesse des mois
Quittant son arc et son carquois
Descend avec eux dedans l'onde.
Son Croissant est sa Barque, où l'hameçon en main,
Fait de sa tresse blonde,
Elle pêche à loisir les perles du Jourdain.

Report by Raymond Mortimer

This fragment of a poem called *La Nuit des Nuits* is by a man, about whom I can discover nothing, called Jean Bois Hus. Mr. Allan M. Boase, who speaks with great authority, informs me that the poem appeared in 1642 or 1643. It was a disaster that the example of Malherbe and the criticism of Boileau stamped out poetry of this sort, so that France has nothing but a few such fragments to place beside our great metaphysical poems. The competition brought hundreds of entries—it is indeed amazing how many readers can write good imitations of 17th century verse. Among the best were P. G., William Bliss, Little Billee, Leslie Johnson, Stanley J. Sharpless, R. S. Jaffray, Willy Hindpole, K. M. Jaffee, Valimus, Sir Robert Witt, A. R. Damon, Peter, H. V. T. Buxton, Nancy Hunter, F. Story, W. L. L., Allan M. Laing and R. J. P. Hewison. Between the two last of these I divide a second prize of a guinea, but I think the others were hardly, if at all, less deserving. R. J. P. Hewison's version is remarkably like that of a minor metaphysical, while Allan M. Laing's belongs to the eighteenth century. The first prize of three guineas I have no hesitation in dividing between F. C. C. and Don Johnne. I think their rivals will share my delighted admiration.

Now Silence, clad in grey,
Makes her obedient way
Over the circling sphere of land and sea,
And Earth and Heaven meet
Below her sandalled feet
T'accept the gift of her tranquillity.
The sea a liquid mirror lies
And holds in happiness the beauty of the skies.

Now to the earth is bent
The heavenly Firmament
To find herself portrayéd in the seas;
The fiery stars from high
Go swimming fearless by,
And with the silvery fishes take their ease;
And not one minnow quails
Before those fires that seem to love their glimmering tails.

Now Nature watches pass
In this majestic glass
Water and flame at one, like man and wife,
And in her heart delights
In such accordant sights,
These fair stars fallen to so new a life,
Like salamanders of the sea
That bathe their lights with joy in its profundity.

And now the Queen of Night
Deserts her ancient right
Of quivered arrows and a curvéd bow,
Sailing in midnight dark
(Her Crescent for a barque)
With troops of stars into the waves below;
And with a strand of her bright hair
Fishes, in timeless peace, for Pearls of Jordan there.

F.C.C.

A *Stilnes* roabed in blacke
Returns her antient tracke,
Flies o'er the Sea and Land upon her duty;
Glad *Ocean* feels her pass,
Grows all one liquid Glass
Where Heaven's inmirrord feature prints its beauty.

That firmamentall face
Sunk to this stranger place
Atones the elaments with peace above them:
Stars venture from their Sphear,
And fish unmoved by feare
Glide through the paly flames that seem to love them.

In that vast mirrour's space
Nature delights to trace
Those wavy flames at home within the seas:
Stars fall, and meet their wish,
Like salamandrine fish,
Float in the Ocean bosom bathed in ease.

While radiant *Artemis*
Shares their descent and is
Sea-borne, relinquishing her Bow and Quiver;
Her barke the *Crescent*, where
With golden line (her haire)
She hookes with joy new pearles from *Jordans* river.

DON JOHNNE.

Dark Silence, in her velvet mask,
Returning to her nightly task,
Steals over land and sea;
And Ocean, joyously content,
Reflects the tranquil firmament
In calm liquidity.

Sunk in the waters deep and clear
The heavenly elements appear
In panoplied array:
The lit stars burn, nor fear to fade,
And little fishes, unafraid,
With fiery planets play.

Nature, within this mirror bright,
Observes with innocent delight
How wave and flame embrace;
And salamander stars marine
In this strange watery world are seen
To sport with happy grace.

The huntress Moon looks on, and Lo!
Leaving her quiver and her bow,
Descends in silvery whirls:
Her crescent for a boat, her hair
For line, she sits at leisure there
Fishing for Jordan's pearls.

ALLAN M. LAING

Mute *Silence* rob'd in black
To pay his Court posts back:
Land, sea, beneathe him pass.
And *Ocean*, joying in this Halcyon space,
Freezes to molten glass
Whereon Heav'n characters his lovely face.

See with the element blending,
Heav'n's visage condescending
His features there display
Proper. His fires swim fearless in the floud
While fish without affray
Sliding amid those fires by them are woo'd.

Nature sees floud and flame
In *symbiosis* tame.
Stars, *Newfoundlanders*,
Falling become their own Antipodes,
Sea salamanders,
Bathe on the waters' bosom as they please.

The mooned *Goddess* by
Lets bow and quiver lie,
Come down to join them there.
Her *Crescent* is her Smack, wherefrom with hooke,
And line of her own haire,
She casts at ease for pearls in *Jordan's* brooke.

R. J. P. HEWISON

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